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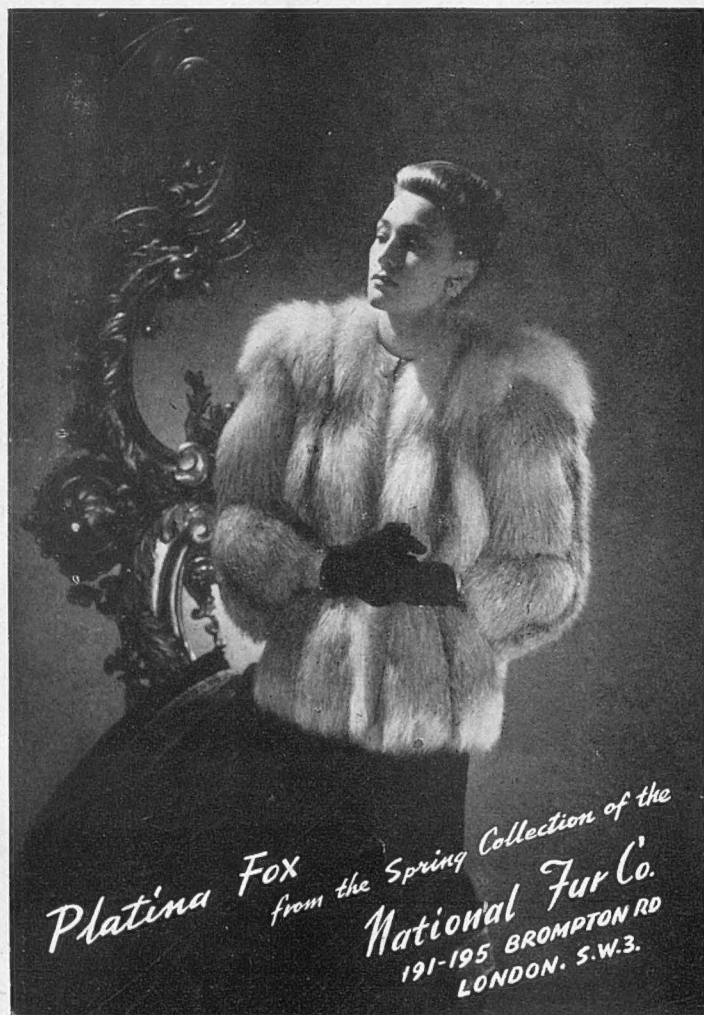


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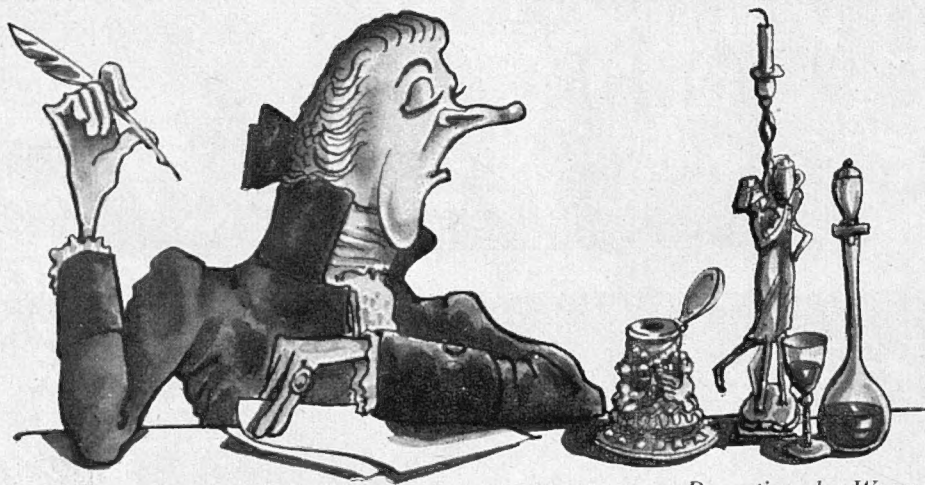
THE
TATLER
and
BYSTANDER



Yevonde

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND HER SONS

After two years in Australia, during the Duke of Gloucester's tenure of the Governor-Generalship, the Duchess of Gloucester arrived back by sea last month, the Duke having preceded her by air to head the Council of State in the King's absence from this country. The Duchess is seen with her two children, the five-year-old Prince William, and Prince Richard, who was born in 1944



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

A FEW days short of twelve years ago a tear crept down the broad cheek of Mr. Winston Churchill, lay suspended on his chin for a brief moment, and then fell. As it did so, it was trapped by a finger of warm sunshine which suffused it and made of it a living thing. It seemed to me, watching, that a lifetime passed while this vibrant golden globe hurtled inevitably to the ground and was there swallowed up. Above, but unseen against the strident blue of the sky, a lark patterned great Gothic arches of song; below, a grave-digger slowly threw a spadeful of rich brown earth upon the coffin of Thomas Edward Shaw, sometime Research Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, leader of the revolt in the desert, author of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

Not only Mr. Churchill was there in that country churchyard at Moreton, Dorset, on that day in May; there were many others whose names also are writ in the history of our land. But it so happened that I was standing very near the man whom Matthew Halton called "Old Greatheart," and thus it was that I saw drop the tear. It was a moment and a scene which instantly was etched in the mind and there remains in splendid clarity. Again and again I see it. It came back as I watched Churchill striding, in masterful concentration, along the single tarmac road at El Alamein whence he had come to revive the flagging spirits of the Eighth Army. It came back very recently as I listened to Major-General Guy Dawnay speaking at the re-opening of the Metropole Hotel, Brighton. He, too, was a great friend of T. E. Shaw. Had I been correctly about my business I would have taken a shorthand note of that speech, for it was studded with wisdom and gentle wit. Yet, while the ear listened and the mind approved, there still came the picture in the churchyard,

and by its side Shaw's description of General Dawnay in *The Seven Pillars*: "Dawnay's cold, shy mind gazed upon our efforts with bleak eye, always thinking, thinking. Beneath this mathematical surface he hid passionate many-sided convictions, a reasoned scholarship in higher warfare, and the brilliant bitterness of a judgment disappointed with us, and with life. He was the least professional of soldiers, a banker who read Greek history, a strategist unashamed, and a burning poet with strength over daily things. During the war he had had the grief of planning the attack at Suvla (spoiled by incompetent tacticians) and the battle for Gaza. As each work of his was ruined he withdrew further into the hardness of frosted pride, for he was of the stuff of fanatics. Allenby, by not seeing his dissatisfaction, broke into him; and Dawnay replied by giving for the Jerusalem advance all the talent which he abundantly possessed. A cordial union of two such men made the Turks' position hopeless from the outset."

The desert campaigns in the second World War produced no figure comparable with Shaw—or, as he then was, Lawrence—since at no time was any considerable body of Arabs fighting; but there were many cast in the mould of General Dawnay. One such was "Bill" Williams, an Oxford don, whose soft voice and mild blue eyes seemed so out of keeping with the cold, analytical brilliance of his mind. In almost every battle that Montgomery fought, "Bill" played a major part, for his was the hand which supplied information about the enemy.

I wonder how he would have reacted to Lawrence of Arabia, or what Lawrence would have thought of this scholarly little man who so often knew more about Rommel's resources than did that ruthless tough himself? I wonder

further whether Lawrence would have joined us out there in the baking Western Desert had that great motor cycle of his not brought about his death? The speculation is not wholly idle.

The Thursday Club

I HEAR of (but may not allow myself much further to discuss) a new club for "gentlemen who are accustomed to good talk, good food and good wine, and who have latterly found these lacking in an impious age." The idea is a charming one and should be cultivated; nevertheless the sponsors must keep a sharp eye upon the turn of events, remembering, as I am sure they do, a certain Order in Council which appeared on April 28, 1721.

We know this as a time of extraordinary profligacy, very much in consequence of the large windfalls which some had acquired in stock-jobbing and extravagant speculation. Men had waxed fat and were come to be unmindful of their position on earth as creatures of a superior power. There arose fraternities of free-living gentlemen popularly recognized then, and remembered since, as Hell-Fire Clubs. Centring in London, they had affiliated branches in Edinburgh and Dublin and gave their presidents such grisly names as Pluto, the Old Dragon, the King of Tartarus, Lady Envy, Lady Gomorrah (for there were female members, too).

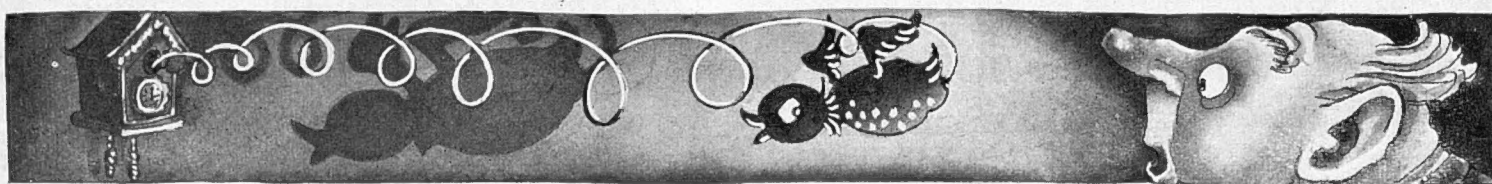
Their toasts were blasphemous and it seemed an ambition with these misguided persons how they should most express their contempt for everything which ordinary men held sacred. Sulphurous flames and fumes were raised at their meetings to give them a literal resemblance to the infernal regions.

In old Ireland, before the days of Fr. Mathew, there used to be a favourite beverage termed *scaltheen*, made by brewing whisky and butter together. Few could concoct it properly, for if the whisky and butter were burned too much or too little the compound had a harsh or burnt taste, very disagreeable and totally different to the soft, creamy flavour required. Such being the case, a good *scaltheen* maker was a man of considerable repute and request in the district he inhabited. Now there lived in a certain town a very respectable tradesman noted for his abilities in making the stuff. He had learned the art in his youth from an old man who had learned it in his youth from another old man who had been *scaltheen*-maker-in-ordinary to what we may here term for propriety's sake the Dublin Hell-Fire Club. With the art thus handed down there came many traditional stories of the H-F's—how, for instance, they drank burning *scaltheen* standing in impious bravado before blazing fires until, the marrow melting in their wicked bones, they fell down dead upon the floor; how there was an unaccountable, but unmistakable, smell of brimstone at their wakes, and how the very horses evinced a reluctance to draw the hearses containing their wretched bodies to the grave.

Cleric versus Cat

STRANGE stories too were related of a certain large black cat belonging to the club.

It was always served first at dinner and a word lightly spoken of it was considered a deadly insult only to be washed out by the blood of the offender. This cat, as will appear, nevertheless led to the dissolution of the club in a singular manner. As a rule no clergyman



would dream of entering the club, but a country curate, happening to be in Dublin, boldly declared that if the H-F's asked him to dinner he would regard it as his duty to go. Being taken at his word he was invited and in spite of a torrent of execrations, he said grace. He then asked the president how it came about that the monstrous cat was served first. That worthy replied, dryly, that he had been taught to respect old age, and he believed the cat to be the oldest individual in the company. The curate said he believed so, too, for it was not a cat but an imp of darkness.

For this insult the club determined to put the cleric to death but, on earnest treaty, allowed him five minutes to read one prayer—apparently to the disgust and anger of the cat who thereupon set up a vasty catawauling and yowling. Instead of a prayer, however, the wily curate read an exorcism which thus caused the cat to assume its proper form of fiend and fly off, carrying the club-house roof with it. This was more than sufficient for the members who, with added exhortations from the reverend gentleman, decided to dissolve the club.

Not unnaturally (runs the story) the curate was rewarded with a bishopric.

The Cuckoo

IT used to be a popular belief in Norfolk that whatever you are doing the first time you hear the cuckoo, that will you do most frequently all the year. Which leads me to my

friend, Oliver March, who is kind enough to permit me occasionally to quote him in this column. He states that he was recently the surprised victim in a most odd affair.

It seems that he was unusually late back at his chambers in Jermyn Street, having dined with a companion whose cellar has the virtues both of size and high quality. "We had in fact," says Oliver, "lingered somewhat over the port which was an especially fine Taylor '27. However, when I let myself into my chambers I was determined to stick to my custom—a fortnightly one—of winding the old cuckoo clock which, you recall, hangs in the hall. Thinking upon it now, I feel that I made the preposterous error of winding the thing *backwards*. For, my dear fellow, I was no sooner upon my couch when I heard the clock whir and wheeze in an unlikely fashion.

"Rising I looked at the contraption only to find that the tail feathers of the cuckoo were pointed directly at me and the beast [bird] was muttering 'What time is it?'"

In April

The cuckoo shows his bill;

In May

He's singing all the day;

In June

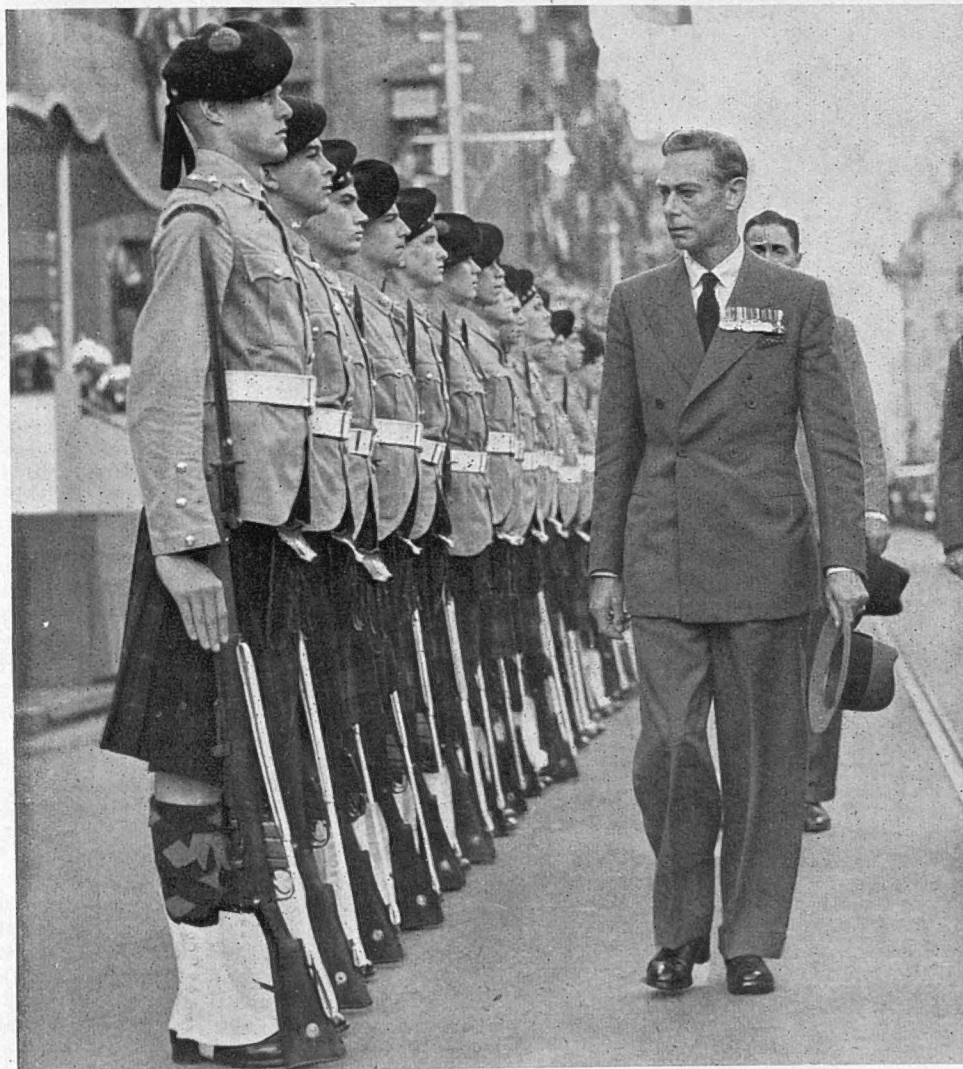
He changes his tune;

In July

He prepares to fly;

In August

Fly he must.



HIS MAJESTY INSPECTS THE TRANSVAAL SCOTTISH

The King and Queen, with the Princesses, received an overwhelming welcome at Johannesburg, whither they travelled from Pretoria, and an extension of their stay was found necessary to cover the multitude of engagements awaiting them. The King is seen inspecting an extremely smart guard of honour of the Transvaal Scottish, drawn up outside the City Hall

George Bilainkin.

VISITING MIDDLE EAST

FAYID, Suez Canal.—On a miraculously-achieved English-type lawn, where yesterday was unrelieved desert, just above the placid waters of the Great Bitter Lake, stands an equally remarkable residence that links, in some respects supervises, seventeen vital British diplomatic and military missions in three continents. It is G.H.Q. Middle East; here secret diplomatic and Service signals calling for academic note, polite advice or instant action arrive all through the hot days and breezy nights.

The decisions are made by the occupant of a freshly-built and decorated white office, the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces. Lean, tall, square shouldered; the novelist's conventional open-air hero come to life, General Sir Miles ("Bimbo") Dempsey ran a race across northern Europe, from Normandy to the Baltic, that earned his Second Army a page that will glitter in history.

G.H.Q. is as much a diplomatic centre as a Service station. The locked files in safes include signals to and from our ambassadors, to and from our consuls, as well as to our G.O.C.'s and Service chiefs, a mosaic of the passions and dreams of a vast area of increasing strategic interest.

Twenty-seven healthy palm trees clustered on the western side of the Great Bitter Lake, seventy miles south of Port Said, attracted General Dempsey in the middle of 1946 when he visited the Canal Zone. "This will do," he said, and told two Britons, Lt.-Col. A. P. Laves, R.E., and Major G. Stross, R.E., "Here is a sketch of the type of house I want." German prisoners of war arrived. Inside four months, in January, 1947, the house was ready for occupation. The oft-maligned Ministry of Supply, London, must for once be congratulated on the taste of the decorations it provided. It is, frankly, difficult to credit that the remorseless desert has been so successfully eliminated, that near the timeless sands grass is growing luxuriously, that for brief seconds the chasm of over two thousand miles is bridged, and that this is not England.

FAYID keeps ceaseless watch on effervescent Greece, where some Britons still remain; on Cyprus, where there are thousands of Palestinian immigrants in cages, and where other delicate currents of diplomacy come to the surface; on worry-producing Palestine, where less than one per cent of the Jewish residents are responsible for the terrorism; on the loyal King Abdullah's domain of Transjordan, strategically priceless; on troops in Iraq, whose presence is felt far away and beyond; on warmly disputed Sudan, racing for the world limelight; on East Africa; on delicately poised Egypt, as well as on Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and vulnerable Malta, on our oil missions in Saudi Arabia, and in Ethiopia with territorial hopes.

TIGER-WALKING Dempsey is just fifty, at forty-nine was probably by far the youngest British general. Candour, brevity, clarity inform his dispatches, orders and advice. Add natural kindness, as may be witnessed when he toys with Egypt's most notable Airedale, lanky Sinbad, aged fifteen months, nominally the property of the Military Assistant, Major A. E. S. Jackson, M.C., son of a Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, triple D.S.O. of first World War. As I glance at the books in his personal library on dogs and horses and poetry about the distant white cliffs, I wonder, "Where next, statesman Dempsey?"



Vandyk
General Sir Miles Dempsey,
C-in-C of the Army in the
Middle East



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

She Wanted a Cream Front Door (Apollo). Robertson Hare and Peter Haddon romp gaily through the intricacies of the divorce court.

The Man From the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

The Anonymous Lover (Duke of York's). Valerie Taylor, Hugh Sinclair and Ambrosine Phillpotts deal dexterously with some amusing marital mix-ups.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

Present Laughter (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks' season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emyln Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New), in *Richard II*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *The Alchemist*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicolas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman, and Alec Guinness.

Othello and Candida (Piccadilly). Jack Hawkins, Fay Compton, Anthony Quayle and Morland Graham with an excellent company in a revival of these two famous plays.

Peace Comes to Peckham (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

Donald Wolfitt's Shakespeare Season (Savoy). With Jonson's *Volpone*, Donald Wolfitt, Frederick Valk, Richard Goolden, and Rosalind Iden.

Call Home the Heart (St. James's). New play by Clemence Dane, with Dame Sybil Thorndike, Valerie White and Leon Quartermaine.

The Shop at Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

The Dancing Years (Casino). Ivor Novello's famous musical romance revived with Barry Sinclair as the Viennese composer. A colourful production, and the evergreen music of this piece makes it as pleasant entertainment as ever.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Romany Love (His Majesty's). Melville Cooper and Helena Bliss from America are the leading singers in this most pleasing operatic comedy in the grand tradition.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under the Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.



A Family Gathering. Mrs. Fraser (Sybil Thorndike) and her husband Alan Fraser (Leon Quartermaine) find out that they cannot adopt their illegitimate grandson after all, because Hetty, his mother (Shelagh Fraser), has other plans. Meantime Svava (Joan Newell), the displaced person, feels it is time to move on

At the

"Call Home the Heart"

PRODUCERS of radio drama have accustomed us to the principle of listening in upon the secret thoughts of their characters. In this they follow the innovators of thirty years back who, themselves, derived their ideas by many stages from those hallucinations to which Macbeth the First of Scotland was subject.

Miss Clemence Dane carries matters a step further into the fourth dimension.

Lydia, a grass widow since her husband became a prisoner of war, is tortured by three vivid (and visible) memories. The first is of her marriage to Colin, a sudden romance of which only the cold embers remain; the second is the nightmare of her own escape from death when her ship was torpedoed, and the third is of Roylance.

Roylance is Romance, the dizzy nostalgia of ten illicit days snatched from the dusty ennui of war in the Middle East. But this is summer 1945 and Colin is on his way home whilst Roylance is still: "Missing: believed killed."

For Lydia the isle is indeed full of noises and relentlessly these visible, audible ghosts twist about her as she waits. Into this brew the author has dropped, by way of seasoning, Lydia's mother, a garrulous, scatterbrained and unsympathetic old Hecuba; her father, a doctor whose practice would seem to be amazingly successful, and a pathetically attractive little Polish refugee.

At this point experienced playgoers will hardly be astounded to learn that on the evening when Colin returns he brings with him a friend—the missing and heroic Roylance, no less—and that the re-union has moments of excruciating difficulty.

Thus far the dish is piquant enough, but Miss Dane is too adroit a chef to let it go at that. In Act Two she whips up one of those moments of pure theatre which make us all take notice. Who was it who returned with Colin in the moonlight last night? Was it Roylance or was it just the bright romantic memory of him, made tangible to Lydia by shock and emotion?

INTO the daylight comes the real man: a broken creature, twisted by torture and unnaturally aged; a ghost indeed, but a still living ghost even if he stands with one foot already in the shades.



Lydia (Valerie White), the wife of the returning prisoner, ill and unhappy, hears astral voices springing from her tortured memory

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Return of the Prisoners.
Lydia (Valerie White) looks with horror on the physical wreck of the man who was once her lover, Roylance (Bryan Coleman), and sees an end to all her dreams. Her husband Colin (William Fox) is a stranger to her after years of separation

Theatre

(St. James's)

Now here is a straightforward triangle and short of a fourth dimensional miracle there would seem to be no happy solution. Miss Dane, however, abandons metaphysics at this stage and attempts no more than a sober, but not altogether expected, abatement of the dilemma. And whether or no this is satisfactory, even upon the stage, is a matter for consideration and discussion.

Argument there will certainly be, for the play presents not one enigma but six individual facets of the universal yet intimate "return-to-peace" problem. Above all it provides a stimulating evening and throws out at least one idea with youth on its side.

As Mrs. Fraser Dame Sybil Thorndike churns about the stage with a wicked verve unmatched since the delicious days of *Advertising April*. What a vintage coughdrop of a woman! We all know her, most of us only too well. No one (unless it be Miss Fay Compton) can throw a more devastating "pish" or "tush" into the wings, and set the building rocking without permitting us to lose the thread of the story.

Mr. William Fox's Colin is a nicely judged mixture of sense and sentiment and Leon Quartermaine's Dr. Fraser, albeit a trifle fluffy at times, has the authentic note of puzzled sanity. Two intelligent little sketches come from Joan Newell as Svava, the refugee and Shelagh Fraser as Hetty, the village girl whose story is extraneous to the main plot but vastly entertaining, none the less.

MISS VALERIE WHITE plays Lydia with dignity and courage, capturing our sympathies and guiding them with no little skill over those moments when, in retrospect, the ice seems to have been at its thinnest.

Finally, Mr. Bryan Coleman. By nature this very able young actor is cherubic rather than heroic, yet his transformation from the Roylance of romantic moonshine to a broken ex-p.o.w. is a performance which catches the heartstrings. And upon this the very essence of the play depends.

A stimulating, thought-provoking evening.
P. Y. C.

Mr. Anthony Cookman will resume his articles next week.



Mrs. Fraser (Dame Sybil Thorndike),
Lydia's mother, whose tedious but overwhelming personality makes life a misery for her family

BACKSTAGE



WITH Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart heading the all-British cast of sixteen characters, *Life With Father*, the domestic comedy which has been running in New York for over six years, is due to open at the Savoy during the first week in June after preliminary weeks at Liverpool and Manchester.

West End managers have been competing for this play for several years and Firth Shephard was lucky enough to bag it after he and Murray Macdonald (who is producing it here) made a flying visit to New York in January.

Macdonald tells me that the New York setting will be retained but that none of the characters will attempt the American accent. "The appeal of this play," he says, "is universal. Its characters belong to anybody's family, and that I think is the secret of its peculiar appeal. It is to be produced shortly in Paris and in Italy."

The comedy is all about the Day family, every member of which—father, mother and four sons—is a red-head.

IN Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* at the Haymarket Moira Lister, a young and comparatively unknown actress who plays the part of the siren Joanna Lypiatt, leaps into stardom.

Born in South Africa twenty-three years ago she had from early childhood only one ambition—to be an actress; and at the age of six was learning ballet and music with elocution to follow. As a child she acted with Sir Seymour Hicks who was then touring South Africa and she paid several visits to England.

Three years ago she backed two winners at the Johannesburg races and an investment of £2 brought her £120 which paid her fare to England. For a time she played small parts on stage and screen, until she secured a contract with the Shakespearian company at Stratford-on-Avon for the 1944-45 season.

C. B. COCHRAN pins his faith on a number of young people in *Bless the Bride*, the A. P. Herbert-Vivian Ellis operetta, which opens at the Adelphi on Saturday. Georges Guetary, his French star, is in his twenties; Lisbeth Webb is just twenty. Betty Paul, the young actress-singer who was with Vic Oliver in *The Night and the Music* blossoms out in a really big part. Brian Reece, demobbed quite recently, was discovered by C. B. while entertaining the Services at a Nuffield Centre.

Incidentally, C. B. tells me that he could have filled the theatre five or six times over, so great were the applications for first-night seats.

FOUR of the original company from New York are to appear in *Deep are the Roots* when H. M. Tennent, Ltd. produce the play in London. They are Gordon Heath, a coloured actor who once played Hamlet in an all-Negro production, Betsy Drake and two other coloured artists, Evelyn Ellis and Helen Martin.

This play by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau concerns the colour bar and the reactions of a young Negro soldier who returns to his American home after serving in England where he has been treated as an equal.

Another Tennent production due shortly is *Angel* by Mary Hayley Bell (Mrs. John Mills), in which Joyce Redman, Alan Webb, Mark Dignam and Wynne Clark will appear. Set in the sixties it has a strongly dramatic theme. John Mills will direct it.

The Tennent firm are also associated (with Bronson Albery) with Sean O'Casey's *Oak Leaves and Lavender*, due at the Lyric, Hammersmith in May with Mary Hinton, Sheila Sim and Eddie Golden in the cast. The action is set not in Ireland but in the West Country where the author now lives.

Later on at Hammersmith comes a double bill consisting of two plays by Jean-Paul Sartre, the French playwright. They will be directed by Peter Brook, the producer of *Romeo and Juliet* at the present festival at Stratford.

Beaumont Kent.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Two Kids Save This Film



Richard Attenborough plays a coward and a traitor who redeems himself in Sydney and Muriel Box's new Technicolor film, "The Man Within"

ONE of the functions of the cinema is to bring home to ordinary people what extraordinary minds have thought and felt. A great writer, now, alas, something out of fashion, once wrote an essay entitled *El Dorado*. In this he said:

"To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed es-

tate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he awakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting; and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure." Stevenson winds up this magnificent piece of writing with the oft-quoted "To travel hopelessly is better than to arrive."

High Barbaree (Empire) is the name of an island in the South Pacific towards which Alec Brooke, a lieutenant in the American Navy Air Force (Van Johnson), has turned

his eyes ever since he was a kid. It may not exist. Or better, it has that perfect existence which belongs to the imagination only. Now let it be said that nine-tenths of this film is perfect rubbish, as must always be the case with any screen play which it has taken three people to concoct out of a novel by two other persons. What should we think of a play which had been put together by Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward, James Bridie, Emlyn Williams and Terry Rattigan? But the cinema does not look for connected thought; it has always adored a jumble, and presumably always will.

In the present case the framework of the thing is all about a flying boat which, as the result of a Japanese clash, has to come down to water level. The transmitter has gone; all the crew but two are dead; and the engines won't work. There is nothing for Lieutenants Brooke and Moore to do except wait for death and steer as best they can for where the former believes the mysterious island to be. It is in this precarious situation that Brooks seeks to pass the time by telling his life-story in, of course, a series of flash-backs.

SOME of these I found quite moving, and it seemed to me that one of the five collaborators had managed to get inside the child mind. Some time towards the end of the last century Richard Jefferies wrote a book entitled *Bevis, The Story of a Boy*. Bevis and his friend Mark had discovered a pond, just an ordinary pond. But to them it was an ocean into which the Nile and the Mississippi and, if I remember aright, the Amazon emptied themselves. Lions and elephants inhabited the thick grass at the edge, in addition to which there were cannibals. In the course of their adventures they get a little tired and we read:

"We must go on," said Bevis, "we can't go back; it is not proper. Travellers like us never go back. I wish there were no more sedges. Come on."

He marched on again. But now they had once confessed to each other that they were tired, this spurt soon died away, and they stopped again.

"It is as hot as Central Africa," said Mark, fanning himself with his hat.

"I am not sure that we are not in Central

Africa," said Bevis. "There are hundreds of miles of reeds in Africa, and as we have crossed the Nile very likely that's where we are."

"It's just like it," said Mark; "I am sure it's Africa."

"Then there ought to be lions in the reeds," said Bevis, "or elephants. Keep your spear ready."

They went on again a little way.

"I want to sit down," said Mark.

"So do I," said Bevis; "in Africa, people generally rest in the middle of the day for fear of sunstrokes."

"So they do; then we ought to rest."

"We can't sit down here," said Bevis; "it is so wet, and it does not smell very nice: we might have the fever, you know, if we stopped still long."

"Let's go to the hedge," said Mark, pointing to the hedge which surrounded the shore and was a great way on their left hand. "Perhaps there is a prairie there. And I am so thirsty, and there is no water we can drink; give me an apple."

"But we must not go back," said Bevis; "I can't have that; it would never do to let the expedition fail."

"No," said Mark. "But let us sit down first."

It seemed to me the other day sitting in the little theatre in Tower Street that this film's fourteen-year-old and his twelve-year-old sweetheart had recaptured some of this magic. The rest of it seemed to me to be unbearable drivel. The name of the boy-kid is Claude Jarman, Jr. No information about the girl.

IN the end Lieutenant Brooke found his island. Or, rather he thought he did, for he was, of course, in a state of delirium. And when he came to himself he was being embraced by his childhood sweetheart (June Allyson) who had become a hospital nurse and had persuaded the captain of a hospital ship to go hundreds of miles out of his course on the strength of a premonition that her young man wanted her. So they got married, and the principal guest at the wedding was the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes.

KATHLEEN BYRON

Photograph: Fred Daniels

Kathleen Byron is a newcomer who has one of the chief parts in *Black Narcissus*, produced by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger from the novel by Rumer Godden. She plays the dramatic part of Sister Ruth, a fanatical nun who comes to a violent and tragic death. Previously Miss Byron had appeared in *A Matter of Life and Death*. The action of *Black Narcissus* takes place in a remote village in the Himalayas, where five Sisters of an Anglo-Catholic order have accepted the invitation of an Indian ruler to open a school and a hospital. The story traces the psychological effect of the life on the Sisters, the pagan villagers and the cynical, worldly English agent who helps the Sisters with their practical problems. The star of the film is Deborah Kerr, and leading parts are taken by Flora Robson, Sabu, David Farrar, Esmond Knight and Jean Simmons. *Black Narcissus* goes to the Odeon, Leicester Square, on April 24



WEDDING OF VISCOUNT KILCOURSE

Photographs by Swaebe



Viscount Kilcourse, son of the Venerable the Earl of Cavan, and his bride, Miss Essex Lucy Cholmondeley, cutting the cake after their wedding at St. Peter's Church, Myddle, Shrewsbury. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. Henry Cholmondeley, of Shotton Hall, Shrewsbury



Mr. Henry Cholmondeley, father of the bride, who is ninety-three, making a speech in response to the toast of the bride and bridegroom



Viscount and Viscountess Newport talking to the Bishop of Lichfield, the Rt. Rev. E. S. Woods, who officiated at the wedding



Mrs. Mark Mainwaring, Mrs. Paul Hamilton, Miss Joan Williams-Wyn and Lord and Lady Kenyon at the reception, which was held at Shotton Hall



Major Robert Loder, the best man, with the bridesmaids, Miss E. Cholmondeley, Miss J. Bovill, Miss S. Tatham and Lady Elizabeth Lambert

83 Group R.A.F. Reunion Dinner



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Rogerson assisting the entertainer to auction a bottle of champagne for the Federation funds



Major and Mrs. Floor have a quiet game while their daughter, Miss Christiane Floor, dances with Mr. Anthony Snell



Air Marshal Sir H. Saunders, G/Capt. Morice, Air Vice-Marshal Sir B. Embry and Air Marshal Sir A. Coningham, at the Connaught Rooms



Col. Walter Burrell and Mr. John Rogerson. The dance was held at the Cottesmore School, Buchan Hill, Crawley



Mr. C. H. Hunt, Lady North, wife of Lord North, and G/Capt. Thynne, a relative of the Marquess of Bath



F/Lt. Mathews, S/Ldr. R. H. Harries, F/Lt. D. H. Rushworth and Sister Billson, one of the four lady guests. It was the second annual reunion



Behind: Mr. T. M. Eggar, Mr. Walter Howarth, Mrs. Konig and Mr. W. L. F. Easterbrook. In front: Miss Eggar, Mrs. Howarth and Mrs. Easterbrook. The ball was given by the Sussex County Federation of Young Farmers

Young Sussex Farmers Hold a Ball at Crawley



Air Vice-Marshal T. C. Traill, Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Dickson and Air Marshal Sir A. Coningham



Right to left: G/Capt. W. J. Crisham, Air Vice-Marshal T. C. Traill, Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groom and Air-Commodore Sir H. Broadhurst

Sanifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS

MY news from South Africa is that the Royal party's stay in Durban, that lovely and hospitable city by the sea, which seems to have been the social highlight of the journey, was an extremely pleasant one for Their Majesties and for the two Princesses, although in the case of Princess Margaret the very strenuous programme, involving seven separate engagements in one day, coupled with the extreme heat and humidity, proved rather trying.

King's House, where the Royal party stayed for the four days they spent in Durban, has a lovely situation high on the Berea, with views over the extensive gardens, just now aflame with tropical flowers, to the Indian Ocean on the right and the Umgeni River on the left. In the long, arched dining-room, hung with wine-coloured curtains and covered with rich-toned Persian carpets, Their Majesties entertained several people to dinner at the large oval table made, like the chairs, of a beautifully figured South African wood. The garden-party at Mitchell Park was one of the most enjoyable parties of the tour, and the civic ball, at which Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret danced repeatedly with a number of different partners, was also an outstanding success.

Another of the most enjoyable sections of the whole tour for the Royal Family was the well-deserved rest period they spent in the Natal National Park, where for four days they completely relaxed, free from crowds and from cameramen. Unfortunately the weather spoiled their enjoyment to some extent, as driving rain and low cloud made hill climbing—to which the King, in company with Field-Marshal Smuts, who stayed with the Royal party, had been looking forward—out of the question. But walks among the foothills of the mighty Maluki Mountains, tennis, riding and swimming gave the break a full holiday atmosphere.

Of course, with wonderful weather, excellent food and plenty of open-air life, the whole of the Royal tour may have sounded to stay-at-homes rather like a prolonged holiday; but, though it is certainly true that the King and

Queen and Princesses all equally enjoyed it, it should not be forgotten that the daily programme of official events and the continuous travelling by train and car were sufficiently strenuous to make some periods of real rest essential.

M^{R.} AND MRS. CHARLES BUTLER, two of the most hospitable people I know, lent their lovely home, Shortgrove, for the Puckeridge Hunt Ball. Whenever I hear of a really good dance in this part of the country, it has always taken place at Shortgrove, and this hunt ball added to the already long list.

The hard-working dance committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Norman Pryor, included Mrs. Hugh Rogerson, Mrs. Tom Streeter, who also takes a great interest in the local pony club activities, Miss Pamela Barclay, Mrs. Peter Pryor and Mrs. Richard Bott; they are to be congratulated on organising a wonderful party.

Among those at the dance were Prince and Princess Friedrich of Prussia, who have become keen followers of this hunt—they also farm in the country—Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, who came over from Elsenham; Lord Braybrooke, accompanied by his wife, who was wearing a lovely diamond necklace; Mrs. Marie Frere, whose brother, Major-Gen. Sir Francis de Guingand, was Field-Marshal Montgomery's brilliant Chief of Staff and is now the author of one of the best books of the war; and Mr. Charlie Barclay, dancing with his fiancée, Miss Laura Slingsby. He has recently been made a Joint-M.F.H. of the Puckeridge with his grandfather, Mr. Edward Barclay, who has been Master of this pack since 1896, and his father, Major Maurice Barclay, who has been Joint-Master since 1910. Mr. Edward Barclay, who is one of the "grand old men" of the sporting world, must be delighted that his grandson is carrying on the family tradition.

The Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler and Mrs. Butler came over from Stanstead Hall, their home in Essex; Mr. and Mrs. Alan Moreton came over from Cassiobury. The Hon. Catherine Neville

was dancing with Mr. Rod Travers, while Mr. Rodney Douglas-Pennant was partnering Miss Nancy Brailey, who looked attractive in white, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hanbury, just back from their honeymoon in Switzerland, were dancing together. Many people brought large parties to the ball, including Mrs. Jim Hughes-Hallett, the Hon. Mrs. Sam Allsopp, Mrs. Michael Buxton, Mrs. Piers Plowden, Miss June Tennant and her brother, Capt. Julian Tennant, who gave a large dinner-party for their seventeen-year-old sister Camilla, who was attending her first big ball; their guests included Miss Juliet Allsopp, in an orchid-coloured dress, her younger sister Charmian Allsopp, looking very attractive, and Lord Glenconner's son and heir, the Hon. Colin Tennant.

FOR book-lovers there is a fascinating exhibition being held under the auspices of the National Book League, whose president is the Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield. This exhibition, which is running until May 31st at 7, Albemarle Street, has been arranged by Mr. John Hayward, and includes original editions of English poetry from the time of Chaucer to the present day. Nearly 350 books are exhibited, ten of which are the only recorded copies in existence, including two early editions of poems by John Lydgate, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, and poems (circa 1614) of William Drummond, lent by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. His Majesty the King has lent a copy of *Demeter and other Poems*, presented by Tennyson to Queen Victoria and corrected in the poet's hand, and a first edition of *Reynard the Fox*, illustrated with drawings by Mr. John Masefield and presented by him on his appointment as Poet Laureate to King George V.

Earl Fitzwilliam, who last year loaned his magnificent collection of Stubbs pictures for exhibition, in aid of the South London Hospital for Women and Children, has again contributed, this time with his superb copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, printed by Caxton in 1478.

Midland Racegoers at the Towcester Steeplechases



Major the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, Mr. Ian Cole, Lord Hesketh, Mr. R. Kynaston Studd and Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh



Major R. E. Manningham-Buller, M.P., Lady Katherine Nicholson, Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, Lady Mary Manningham-Buller and Lady Ardee. In front, Rose and Laura Nicholson



Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Sylvia Lady Grant Lawson, Lady Grant Lawson and Brig. W. M. Sale

MRS. HUGH MCCORQUODALE gave a delightful cocktail-party recently at her new home in South Street for her debutante daughter Raine, who is an exceptionally pretty girl. This was a good idea, and enabled many of the young guests, who are Raine's contemporaries, to make friends early in their first season.

Among the guests were the Earl and Countess of Rothes' youngest daughter, Lady Eve Leslie, who is an attractive girl and studying at l'Institut Français; Miss Zoe d'Erlanger, H.R.H. Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia, who was down for the vacation from Cambridge, and Mrs. Magda Ducas, who brought her nephew, Mr. Giles de Bertodano, son of the Marquis de Moral. She was chatting to Miss Anne Maxwell, who made her debut last year when H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth honoured her with her presence at her coming-out dance at Claridge's. Two pretty girls at the party were Biddy and Barbara Hanbury-Williams, who spent several years in Canada during the war. Mr. Malcolm Napier, Lord Essendon's nephew, was another travelled young guest. He was in America for part of the war, then returned to Eton, and since then has been round the world.

Other young people at the party were Miss Rose Grimston, Mr. Laming Roper, a charming American, Viscount Lymington, the Hon. Elizabeth Mostyn, Mr. David Tomlinson, the successful film-actor, who was telling friends about his new flat in Brook Street, which has been so beautifully done up by Miss Paula Lawrence, the clever young interior decorator; Miss Pallas Blair-Drummond, the Hon. Grania O'Brien, Lord and Lady Inchiquin's daughter, who is hoping to find a secretarial job, and Miss Joanna Molesworth St. Aubyn.

Mrs. McCorquodale is giving a dance in July for Raine, who is being presented by the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon, sister-in-law of H.M. the Queen, at one of the official Royal Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace.

QUEEN MARY has graciously consented to be present at the première to-morrow night (24th) of *Black Narcissus*, in Technicolor, with a wonderful cast including Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, Flora Robson and Jean Simmons. Lady Suenson-Taylor is chairman of the première, and the entire proceeds of the evening are to be given to the National Hospital for Women. At the end of her first committee meeting Lady Suenson-Taylor was able to announce that nearly £3000 had been raised, and by to-morrow night she hopes to have doubled this amount for the hospital.

Among members of the committee helping Lady Suenson-Taylor are the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Mr. John Davis, Sir John Stewart-Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton-Smith, Lady Hague, the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and Princess Galitzine.



The Hon. Wilfrid Holland-Hibbert, brother of Viscount Knutsford, and Mr. A. G. Delahooke



Miss Marigold Whitaker, Mr. Tony Whitaker, Miss Daphne Whitaker and Miss Ann Flower, a visitor from Fife



Major F. G. Scott and Sir Gifford Fox, M.P. for the Henley Division of Oxfordshire



Rear-Admiral Cyril Douglas-Pennant, Commandant of the Joint Services Staff College, Mrs. John Thomson and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant



Miss Gina Fox, Miss Una Shenley, Lady Fox, wife of Sir Gifford Fox, Mr. John Beckwith-Smith and Mr. Thomas Newton

Easton Neston Park



Holloway, Northampton

Lady James, Wing Commander Sir Archibald James and Mr. G. Spencer-Summers



Johnson, Oxford

The Joint-Master's party: Major R. C. Fanshawe (Joint-Master and Huntsman), with his two sons, D. V. and B. E. Fanshawe, the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Holland-Hibbert, Mrs. Fanshawe, Miss Ann Smith-Bingham and Mr. R. C. Smith-Bingham

The South Oxfordshire Hunt Point-to-Point, Held at Kimble

SEVEN BRIDESMAIDS AT A DEVONSHIRE WEDDING

Mr. Anthony Charles Goodall and Miss Anne Valerie Chichester are Married at Tiverton



The wedding group. The pages and bridesmaids, who included Julian Gibbs, Charles Arnold, Michael Heathcoat-Amory, David Hobbs, Diana and Sarah Chichester, Diana Heathcoat-Amory, Evadne Gibbs, Lady Katherine Courtenay, Caroline Griffiths-Williams and Jane Denham



Mrs. J. R. Chichester, the bride's mother, with Lady Katherine Courtenay, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Devon



The Earl and Countess of Devon, from Powderham Castle, with Mr. Anthony Gibbs, brother-in-law of the bride, at the reception



Lieut.-Colonel R. Heathcoat-Amory, best man, and Mrs. Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, who are engaged to be married, with Michael, Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory's son



Lady Heathcoat-Amory, at whose home, Knightshayes, the reception was held, with Major-General C. T. Beckett



Miss Anne Chichester warms herself before a log fire at her home, Lurley Manor, Tiverton, before leaving for her wedding. She wore her grandmother's wedding-dress of cream satin and Brussels lace. Her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Goodall, of Sutton-Veny, Warminster, Wils.

Photographs by Swaebe



M. le Président at the Races

From their tulip-garlanded box at Auteuil, President and Mme. Vincent Auriol watch the opening of the flat-racing season in France. The principal race on this occasion was for the Prix du Président, which was won by M. André Jassen's Gasma

Priscilla in Paris Spring in the Theatre

SUCH a Good Friday! We had quite half an hour of gorgeous Easter weather. I was on the terrace on to which the French windows of my room-of-all-work so agreeably open, playing with my flower-boxes, wondering what certain sprouting shoots, left over from last year, will prove to be, and cheerily humming: "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!" when a young, disgruntled voice bluntly disagreed, and the next moment we were in the midst of a discouraging argument as to whether one penny can purchase anything. Certainly not hot cross buns, over here at any rate, where the Government has withdrawn from circulation the coin once known as *un petit sou*.

Life is not easy for those unfortunate people who "live on half o' nothing, paid them, reg'lar, once a week," and it is good news that there is one restaurant in Paris where British ex-internees can obtain a midday meal for the low sum of sixty francs. This is the E.L.B.A. (European League of Britons Abroad), of which Mr. Smithson is chairman. A pleasant dining-room with service by French maids, but in the English manner, at number 5, Place du Théâtre Français. Soup, fish or meat and vegetables. Cheese and a satisfying pudding. Real coffee, with sugar, follows, and for an extra ten francs one can have a small flask of *vin ordinaire*.

THE usual rush to produce before the holidays has made this a busy week in the theatrical world. The story goes that one of our younger dramatic critics who lives out of town brought a sleeping-bag to the theatre with him and camped down in an *avant-scène*. He was only discovered when the ladies of the mop and pail arrived next day and found him shaving in the cloak-room preparatory to lunch at a Café Biard and a matinée performance.

Philippe Hériat's dramatic comedy *L'Immaculée*, at the Comédie des Champs Élysées, seems to be making far-reaching circles in the local duck-pond. His subject is a curious one, even in this age of canned music, ready-mades and

tinned offal! Eve, who is a man-hater, desires to have a child, but, objecting to the usual method of acquiring one, undergoes a treatment at a biological clinic. A little girl, Evelyn, is born and brought up according to the anomalistic rulings of her dear mama. Despite her one-sided parentage the child is perfectly normal, and falls in love with an extremely conventional youth.

Mama is so annoyed that she tells the lad the secret of his fiancée's birth, and the unsporting fellow flies in dismay. Why he suddenly looks upon this healthy and sound-minded wench as a kind of robot is not easy to understand. Excursions and alarums. Mama remains victorious . . . up to a certain point, for, after all, it was due to a man's idea and its biological working out—artificial though it may have been—that Evelyn exists.

PRINCE ANTOINE BIBESCO's *Anne, ma Sœur Anne!* at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu, tells us the sad tale of an exacting young woman who expects too much from life and her husband's best friend. Being both loyal and virtuous he will have none of her and takes the first boat into exile, after which all that is left to Sister Anne is to swallow a dose of poison and make a pathetic exit. What she really needed was a good spanking from the husband she detests. This rather old-fashioned but brilliantly written play is well acted, especially by Suzet Mâis in the rôle of Anne's sister.

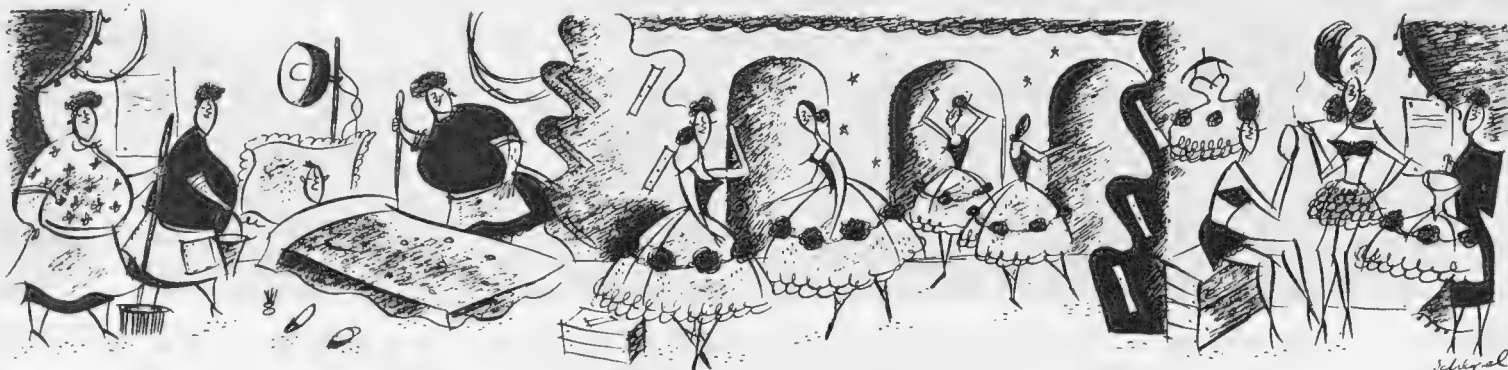
Khamma, the new ballet at the Opéra-Comique, is disappointing. After the first ten minutes I preferred to close my eyes and listen to Debussy's music that I had already heard when it was first played by the Colonne Symphony Orchestra in 1934. The décor and costumes by Luc-Albert Moreau are interesting, but the choreography is the *mélange* of classic dancing, modern acrobatics and stiff posturing that I detest. Although *Khamma* may not be a success, visitors to Paris should make a point of visiting the Opéra-Comique. On ballet nights

there is an excellent company of dancers led by Lycette Darsonval, Marie-Louise Didion, Geneviève Kergrist and that wonderful youth, Jean Guelis.

OTHER new shows are: *Waltz, Dream*, a regrettable revival that it would have been better to leave as a dream of the past; the second version of the Capucines Revue, one of the best shows of its kind in Paris; and, by the time this appears in print, an operetta, at the Marigny Theatre, by Louis Beydts, the composer of so many charming musical plays. But of all the plays to be seen, the best is a year-old success of which I have often written—*Auprès de ma Blonde*, by Marcel Achard, at the Michodière. It is played by Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay and an all-star company. It is the perfect production, acted by the Perfect Couple. Some day I shall try to write their story. The story of their little house in the country, where Yvonne often cooks their favourite dishes herself; their two delightful, smooth-haired terriers, their kindness to those who need sympathy and help, their . . . But I must stop and ask their permission first, since they are believers in the old French proverb: "*Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés.*"

Voilà!

● At a recent *première* Marcel Achard was seated behind a lovely young creature who had the unpleasant habit, in times of stress, of biting her nails. The play was thrilling and, tense with excitement, she nibbled and nibbled! Achard could bear it no longer; he leaned forward and whispered in her ear: "Do be careful! That's how the Venus de Milo lost her arms!"



Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

Pictures, Painters and Patrons

A REQUEST to speak at the Annual General Meeting of the Friends of the National Collections of Ireland at the Municipal Galleries brought me to Charlemont House, Dublin. The Friends of the National Collections do in Ireland, on a very much smaller scale, what is done in England by the National Art Collections Fund and the English Contemporary Art Society. The organisation was founded some twenty-three years ago by Miss Sarah Purser, the artist in stained glass who did so much to improve our new churches. To-day there are several first-class artists in this medium, which is resulting in some of our churches having well-designed and well-coloured glass rather than the painted commercial abominations which one is so apt to find.

The object of the Society is to secure works of art and objects of historical interest or importance, and extend their influence in any way they can. At the moment the Friends only number some 300, which is very small, for their activities cover both sides of the border, and the meeting was held in an effort to augment that number, for the purchase of good pictures requires an ever-increasing income. It is interesting to note that the past few years have seen the opening of galleries in Galway and Limerick, besides those already existing in a number of provincial towns. Only this week I heard another appeal for a gallery, but of this I will write in a moment.

DURING their twenty-three years' life the Friends have been responsible for the presentation of some hundred works of art and antiquity to Belfast, Kilkenny, Cork, Clonmel, Galway and the National Museum, besides many gifts to the Dublin Municipal Gallery. They have concentrated, as far as the Dublin Gallery is concerned, on contemporary French masters, and the list of pictures includes the names of Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Roualt and Dunoyer de Segonzac. The last is represented by a water-colour of St. Tropez, whilst the Bonnard is an excellent oil painting entitled "Boulevard Clichy." But glancing through the list of acquisitions I find that the gifts vary from eighteenth-century miniatures to Uilleann pipes, from peasant implements to the works of contemporary Irish and English artists.

One of the secretaries is the widow of the former Governor-General of the Free State, Mrs. James McNeill, who now lives in Fitzwilliam Square. The officers include Lord Rosse, Dr. Thomas Bodkin, of the Barbour Institute, Mr. Justice Maguire, the Chief Justice, and Mr. C. P. Curran, whose book on the Rotunda I mentioned recently.

Charlemont House, where the meeting was held, has been the municipal gallery for the past fifteen years, when the collection was moved from Harcourt Street. It will be remembered that the late Sir Hugh Lane at one time proposed to erect this gallery across the Liffey—rather like the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. A room remains vacant for the famous Lane pictures, which are at present in the hands of the Tate Gallery.

The house is one of the finest Georgian mansions, built and owned by the fourth Viscount (and first Earl) Charlemont. The building began in 1762 in what was then Rutland (and is now Parnell) Square. It was the same Lord Charlemont who built as a summer-house the exquisite "Casino" at Marino, Clontarf, which stands in the grounds of the O'Brien Institution.

Having pleaded for new "Friends," I was delighted to obtain a recruit next day—and it was a strange coincidence. When I was in London waiting in my publisher's bookshop, I heard a man being told very politely that he could not see one of the partners (for the very good reason that I had an appointment). I noticed this man, and as so often happens, I saw him again in Piccadilly that day, and once again in the street the following day. Then in Dublin I met him in Stephens Green, but this time he recognised me from a photograph taken at the meeting. He turned out to be Mr. James Reynolds, the horse-owner and writer, who is also an artist. Although he has lived much in the U.S.A. and Canada, Mr. Reynolds comes from Limerick and at present stays in London. He was eager to support the Society.

BUT now about provincial galleries. The other day I went to Tuam, where the Archbishop opened a picture exhibition of works by well-known Irish artists, besides those of local amateurs and professionals. The works of the outside artists had been collected chiefly from Dublin, I think under the auspices of Father Sennan, a Capuchin monk, who is very active in the art world and on the Board of the National Gallery. Nearly every leading contemporary artist was represented, and I was greatly impressed by the interest, especially among the young. Now Tuam is very anxious, as are many other similar small towns, to have a permanent gallery.

There were two pictures which interested me in particular. The first, a portrait, was on account of the subject, and the second because I had seen it before in London. The subject of the first was Dr. R. A. S. McAllister, by the late Dermot O'Brien, P.R.H.A. Professor McAllister now lives in Cambridge, but was formerly Professor of Celtic Archaeology in University College, Dublin. He wrote the standard works on Irish Archaeology, and although I have read most of his works I never met him, and was delighted to see what I take to be a very good portrait.

The other picture was entitled "Half Time," by the Rev. Jack Hanlon, a young priest. If I am not mistaken, this water-colour was in the Irish exhibition last autumn at the Leicester Galleries, London. It shows three footballers reclining on the ground. The design and delicate colour are most pleasing. Father Hanlon effectively combines his parochial duties with that of professional (and successful) painter. If one thinks of Fra Angelico or Filippo Lippi, perhaps these two vocations are not surprising.

I SEEM to have devoted all this article to writing about pictures, and so for my last paragraph I might as well continue with the same subject. My post-brought me a letter from the mother of an old schoolfellow—David Fellowes, whom I last saw working in a London booksellers'. The writer was Signora Assanti, who tells me she has an exhibition of water-colours opening at the Grafton Galleries, Dublin. Signora Assanti is an aunt of Lord Inchiquin and was born O'Brien. Widowed, she married Assanti, an Italian sculptor, as her second husband. During the war she was in Italy, whilst her son was a prisoner of war, being captured at Calais when serving as an officer in the Rifle Brigade.



Mlle. Reix, a visitor from France, with the Marquess of Headfort, at the Ward Union Hunt Steeplechases at Fairyhouse, Co. Meath



Viscount and Viscountess Bury with the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley. Lord Bury is the son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle



Lady Farnham, Commander H. Harrison Proctor, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Sheelin Maxwell, Mr. Simon Maxwell and Mr. Barry Maxwell, heir to Lord Farnham



Pool, Dublin
The Countess of Fingall presenting the Irish Grand National trophy to Mr. J. T. Doyle, owner of Revelry, the winner

At the Irish Grand National



The Earl and Countess in the sitting-room, with its magnificent chaise longue. Over the fireplace is a Romney portrait of Edward VII. A glass case contains Sèvres porcelain.



The Earl, who is a Worcestershire County Councillor, with the Countess in front of a Vandyck portrait. There is also a wonderful collection of Holbeins at Madresfield Court.



When Madresfield was a potential royal residence, the Countess's room was the Queen's use. The canopied bed is covered by Queen Anne and her friend, the first Duchess of Devonshire.

THE HOME OF EARL AND COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP

One of the great houses of the West Midlands is Madresfield Court, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, where the eighth Earl Beauchamp and Countess Beauchamp live. The history of the house dates back to Walter de Beauchamp in the eleventh century, and now the estate includes a village and twenty-five farms. The present Earl, who served during the war in the R.A.O.C., was for nine years M.P. for East Norfolk, and had a distinguished Parliamentary career. The Countess, who was Mme. Else Dornonville de la Cour, of Copenhagen, has taken a leading part in St. John Ambulance work and was awarded the M.B.E. in 1944. During the war Madresfield Court was held in readiness as a possible refuge for the Queen and Princesses, and special air-raid shelters were built. Happily, the emergency did not arise.



er coffered ceiling and
the historian, and the



ferred her own bed-
spread embroidered
Larborough



Countess Beauchamp with Bradford, the butler, who has been with the family all his life. The Countess is Chairman of the Dockland Settlements Ball, which takes place at the Dorchester to-night

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

FOR failing to restrain his troops, who were keen on atrocities, Major-General Hirota of the Japanese Army has been awarded 7 years in the cooler by a military court at Rabaul; which should stimulate commanding officers who think kindness is everything.

A typical case is mentioned by Houssaye at the beginning of Napoleon's 1815 campaign—a Colonel Taubin, who excused delay in provisioning the garrison of Condé on the plaintive grounds that people wouldn't obey his orders. Learning from Corps H.Q. that he should be tougher with the boys (or else . . .), the unfortunate colonel shot himself. But those were iron days, and no Psychiatry Officers graced Napoleon's army. Col. Taubin's men may have been suffering from some distressing inhibition—such as a morbid terror of work—which needed only skilled psychic treatment. Today the Psychiatry Officer would take each hard case on his lap and analyse him with anxious solicitude.

"Do you always cry when asked to lift or carry something?"

"Always. It is a great grief to my Mums."

"I see. . . . Do you love your mother very much?"

Leading up to the old *Edipus*, as usual; and after all, this solves most military inhibition-problems.

Footnote

WE have met only one Psychiatry Officer who was ever baffled. This was by a husky 15-stone *Edipist* sapper who never had a mother. A Barrie case, in short—one of those sappers who fly in their nightgowns from Kensington Gardens and tap on nursery windows, inciting infants to join the birdies. Sappers are fond of birdies, as everyone knows.

Motley

WHY the great Grock recently remarked that he wasn't going to perform in this country again we forget. Maybe it's that old haunting economic pain which breaks clowns' hearts (not unrequited love, as you always thought). Maybe he hasn't yet forgiven our native highbrows.

To be blandly adopted and patronised by the late A. B. Walkley in *The Times*, to be discussed in terms of Aristotle, Croce, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and Jean-Paul Richter is enough



"It just said, 'Quiet, non-basement, detached residence, healthy locality, electric light, h. and c. water, usual offices, etc.'"

to give any selfrespecting clown the multiple sick, you admit. The same thing happened, more or less, to the Fratellini in Paris. We've often thought that yet more poignant sobs could be wrung out of Tonio's prologue to *Pagliacci* if it were revised somewhat in this fashion:

On with the motley! The paint and the powder! The public pay and want their laugh, you know! And I may add that apart from the question of being scorned by Nedda, which is pretty heart-breaking to begin with,

There's a frightful highbrow dodging round this dump with the intention of writing me up in the *New Statesman*;

I'll get that rat first, if it kills me.

The Fratellini didn't mind the highbrows so much because they were men of affairs, doing nicely—thank-you in real estate, like Mistinguett, unless we err. Grock oughtn't to mind either, being a Swiss. Whenever a Swiss is worried or upset he has only to watch the Alpine Club boys. Great healing gales of laughter drive all care away, and the Swiss return dancing to Geneva, that delightful town.

Work

CHRYSOFOBIA, flavodium, or blonde-allergy is presumably one reason why Mr. Clark Gable is demanding overtime pay for "all work exceeding 40 hours weekly."

"Work" is the approved technical word. West End actors constantly apply it, among themselves, ("Have you seen my work in *Yoo-Hoo, Baby?*") to the labour of (e.g.) drifting on a stage, lighting a cigarette, lifting one eyebrow, murmuring "So you . . . think so?" and drifting off again. In the oldest and best of all stage-stories somebody stops an actor in Piccadilly and says: "I saw you at poor X's memorial-service. You looked terribly cut up"; to which the actor replies: "My dear boy, you should have seen me at the graveside!" At the Green Room Club he would have said: "You should have seen my work at the graveside." We're not getting at actors (after all, we inky boys describe our absurd occupation as "work," equally), we just think it's interesting.

Mr. Gable's work is embracing or fending off blondes, an old routine. It has not yet occurred



"And where have you been all this time?"

to him, apparently, to make a clean artistic break, as Mr. Robertson Hare (whose fan we are) did recently. After having his pants torn off in 1789 successive farces and 789 films, Mr. Hare threw convention to the winds quite recently and flashed through an entire light comedy trousered from start to finish, with immense success. Similarly if Mr. Gable started putting oncoming blondes in boxes or bags he would not need overtime pay. His outlook would have changed and become revitalised, his art would have taken a new orientation. The blondes could be disposed of to dealers, singly or in gross.

Cut

DO you note, during recent developments in Spanish internal affairs, the aggrieved hauteur of the Bloomsbury Reds? They own Spain but nobody consulted them.

As few of those boys have ever set foot in the Peninsula, maybe wisely, it is no use asking them (as we often do) which province they like owning best. This is important, since Spaniards differ enormously in temperament and behaviour. The best place to dump a Bloomsbury boy, for experience' sake, would be the harsh brooding plains of Aragon, Goya's country, where the natives—known as *baturros*—are tough and stubborn and difficult, like the men of Lancashire. There's an Aragonese story about cheese. Two *baturros* saw an attractive yellow slab in a village grocer's window. One said: "That cheese looks good." The other said: "It's soap." The first one said: "Cheese." To settle it they went inside. The first *baturro* said to the grocer: "Give me a quarter-pound of that cheese in the window." The grocer said: "It's soap." The *baturro* said: "Give me a quarter of a pound."

Outside the shop he took a large bite. Appalling grimaces. His friend said, grinning: "Not so good, is it?" The *baturro* said, chewing away steadily: "Not so good, but it's cheese," and finished it.

Just the country for a Bloomsbury boy to start a falsetto argument on recessive values, or determinism, or the dynamic content of Marxian palæontology. Or even Spanish internal affairs.

Game

AN almost perfect cross-section of Contemporary Nordic Thought was displayed in the correspondence-columns of a London evening paper recently. Précis:

Citizen 1 thought that in order to attract and encourage foreign tourists, London taxi-drivers should wear uniform;

Citizen 2 thought a Brighton magistrate should be better informed than to ask "What is jitter-bugging?"

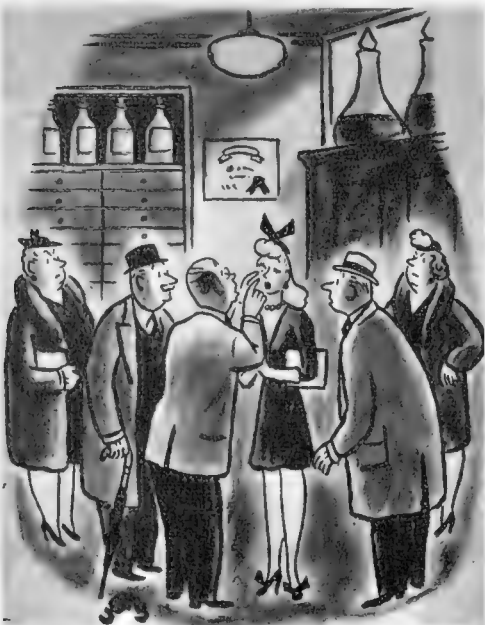
Citizen 3 asked what a foreign visitor describing Englishwomen as "drawn and haggard" expected them to look like nowadays;

Citizen 4, rapping a thinker who wanted to have meat, tobacco, and alcohol abolished, thought that if he was fond of knitting, and everybody imitated him, there would be a Black Market in knitting-needles;

Citizen 5 thought that people entrusted with dangerous drugs should be more careful not to lose them;

Citizen 6 thought that if people had enough food, clothes, drink, and fuel they would be able to turn their minds to "higher things."

And now a little parlour game. You are about to be wrecked for life, without anything to read, on a deserted Pacific island, of an



equable climate with long, light evenings, suitable for long, interesting talks. Question One is: "Which three of the above six citizens would you choose, if compelled, to be wrecked with?" Our own choice is Citizens 1, 5, and 6.

Question 2: "Which of your given three citizens would you try to murder first, do you think, and how soon?" Our choice is Citizen 6; one week.

Question 3, and most important: "Since you seem to be a classy and superior type, stiff with vainglory and spiritual pride and ripe for doom, give six reasons (with sketch-map) why one or all of the three decent, inoffensive citizens you have been wrecked with, as above, should not murder you first, within 24 hours."

That takes some answering. Its object is to inculcate humility.

Rap

SNEEINGLY dismissing a recent film as "almost callow enough for the *Boy's Own Paper*," a critic seemed to us to have been badly brought up, unless indeed his parents despised him too much to give him heroic stuff to read.

Callow (unfledged, innocent, inexperienced, downy) is the last epithet we should have applied to that paper, which we remember from our golden infancy to be full of tough hairy conquering Nordics plunging through trackless forests and lethal swamps, wrestling with huge apes and enormous cobras, foiling villains of Latin origin, crammed with experience and philosophy and knowing practically everything. If the story was by Gordon Stables, R.N., moreover, they turned out to be Scotsmen, and therefore twice as conquering, hairy, noble, and scornful of civilised Southron fal-lals. That is how you can tell our generation—we have a nervous trick of hurriedly uncovering in the presence of a Scot.

Afterthought

IF, on the other hand, the critic boy meant by "callow" that vintage *B.O.P.* heroes never used beastly language, like a modern school-girl, he was correct. In the tightest corners they merely "uttered a hasty exclamation." More often than not, faced with fearful odds, they simply gnawed their lip, thus:

"I fear," said Black McTavish quietly, "we are surrounded. Meanwhile do you, McIntosh, hand me McNab's knife. I fear his leg is no longer of service."

It was the work of a moment to amputate McNab's leg. A substitute was briskly carved from the nearest *njama-tree* by Sandy. McNab at once leapt up and expressed himself ready to march all day. As he spoke a shower of poisoned spears rattled through the bush and laid three of the little party prostrate.

McTavish gnawed his lip.

Callow, huh? You should see us gnawing our lip (another trick we can't shake off, like taking ether on strawberries).

LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



A frantic little "TWELF" emerging from a bucket of onion clippings.



Alec Guinness, one of our most brilliant young actors, made his first stage appearance at the Playhouse in 1934, and had much experience with the Old Vic and John Gielgud's company before the war. Then he joined the R.N.V.R. and spent four years at sea, rising from a rating to a lieutenant in charge of a landing-craft in the Adriatic. Besides stage acting, he has also been seen in many films, most recently as Herbert Pocket in *Great Expectations*. He won his Shakespearean spurs as Hamlet in Tyrone Guthrie's 1938 production, and plays the title role in *Richard II.*, which opens to-night with Sir Ralph Richardson as John of Gaunt. Alec Guinness is a Londoner, married, and lives at Hammersmith

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THIS is the story told in France of Forain, the noted painter-engraver. Two hours before he died, he opened his eyes and saw his wife standing beside him.

"You look fine," she assured the artist.

Then his son arrived and said: "You look splendid, father."

The maid said: "You look wonderful, sir."

Then his doctor entered and pronounced: "Superb."

Forain nodded weakly to all of them and sighed: "I'm going to die cured."

THE police inspector was aware that the village innkeeper was, in sporting parlance, "making a book."

Being too well known locally himself to lay the offender by the heels, he sent for two detectives from a neighbouring town and explained matters to them.

The detectives visited the inn and, after calling for drinks, inquired the odds for a certain race, and were told five to one bar three.

"Now," they thought gleefully, "we have him."

"What three do you bar?" was the next inquiry.

The innkeeper smiled pleasantly as he answered, "You two and the inspector."

A HOLLYWOOD actress, trying on a hat in a Beverly Hills shop asked the price. Upon hearing it, she exclaimed, "Why, that's ridiculous!" "Madam," replied the sales lady, "so 's the hat!"

A SCOTTISH Elder used to tramp to church five miles every Sunday with his small son. On one particular Sunday it was a very cold and wet day, and the small boy, trudging along behind his father, tried to cheer himself up by whistling a tune.

His father stopped, turned round, and said: "Noo then, Sandy, noon o' that. We dinna want any Continental Sabbaths here."

THE club bore was boasting of his ability to distinguish between different beverages. Finally, one of the listeners took a flask from his pocket and asked the connoisseur to sample its contents and tell what the liquor was.

The bore tasted a mouthful, and promptly spat it out.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "that's petrol."

"I know," came the bland reply, "but what brand?"

WHEN a certain young couple were married in Chicago, a column-long story of the wedding appeared in the society section.

On the train afterwards, the newly-weds wanted to conceal their new status, so the young man was very nonchalant when he handed their long tickets to the conductor. The official read and read. Finally, he raised his voice so that the entire car could hear and said, "Well, this is a very interesting account of your wedding, but where are your tickets?"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sabretoche

IF in any of those numerous Frontier scraps with the Dushman, who was always about Commando class, the casualties had totted up to 4000 killed, over 1000 wounded, and an unknown but probably large number of missing, it would have been considered quite a fight; but nowadays they call it "a communal riot," and rather suggest that it is a friendly little Donnybrook, in which everyone bends a blackthorn over his best friend's skull just by way of showing that there is no ill-feeling.

In point of fact, these figures, which do not even now pretend to be final, mean only one thing. In a region in which Sikh and Punjabi Hindu are fairly concentrated, and the very numerous and most devout Sons of the Prophet are always "blue mouldy for want of a bating," even someone in Whitehall with a long-range telescope might be able to weigh up the chances without much difficulty. Let us take a quite typical border fight like Dargai. Our losses were 37 killed, 175 wounded, including Piper Findlater, V.C.—the Gordons getting the worst of them—and the enemy in their well-sited sangars losing about treble these numbers. He would not have got out if he had not, for he was in a very wayward and truculent mood. Sir Ian Hamilton probably knows the exact tally, for he was there in the battalion of the Gordons commanded by "Short-Speech" Mathias. The speech was "The Gordons will take it!" So when we hear of casualties in thousands in such an inflammable region, we are apt to prick up our ears and wonder what's cooking.

Incidentally, with the thermometer already so high, was it not a bit ill-timed, to put it no higher, for Mr. Nehru to indulge in a tour? A caste Hindu from the south is like a red rag to a bull in the north amongst those who rate even the Sikhs idolaters.

Pig and Cow Fight—Plus!

IT will be remembered by everyone who was there, and even by some who were not, how great was the conflagration on the North-West Frontier of India just before the outbreak of the Boer War, and how there was no apparent cause for the flames, which raged up and down the Border from the land of the bloodthirsty Mahsud-Waziris, from Wana to the Khyber and Malakhand Passes nor'-nor'-eastwards. It will also be recalled by anyone who has served in that exciting region anywhere, any time or within the space of the last ten years or so, how these "fires" break out for no assignable reason, and how quickly they are apt to spread. With so much explosive material lying around and about, it would be strange if they did not!

Sometimes, of course, we have known what started them—a pig with his throat cut chucked into a mosque at the time of the Ramazân; a sacred Brahmini bull slaughtered and used for fuel in a Hindu temple; sometimes because the British Sirkar would not permit a furious husband to cut off the nose and other appendages of a faithless wife; sometimes just for loot and adventure, or to get even with some usurious Hindu "banker," who may likewise be taken for a ride and skinned, just to teach him better manners; sometimes, as has been said, just for nothing! The ones that have started from this seemingly spontaneous combustion have usually been the worst, because not even the nosiest Political Officer or the cutest "Agent" has so much as got a sniff of the trouble before it is much too late to let the "Fire Brigade" get off to an even start.

The Plus!

THEY have called it "Islamic fervour" ere now! I think to-day they could find a simpler description, the antipathy which exists between those two animals, the pig and the cow. They speak different languages: they profess widely different creeds, and they hate one another, on this last count, like rat poison.

It is probable that most people with knowledge of the Frontier will have remarked the fact in the recent ebullitions round and about Peshawur, and recall that those regions harbour some of the most fanatically intolerant people in the world. Any Frontier officer will know what a mischief of a job it is if one little spark sets fire to the haystack. The Big Soldier at present responsible for the defence of India, external and internal, knows—no one better—how much more dangerous material has been added to the permanent supply.

The Big Soldier also knows exactly the thickness, or otherwise, of the troops on the ground, and that it is just the spin of a copper coin whether they would all face the same way in the event of a No. 1 size fire in the North. It is an unpleasant adventure in a mixture of red-hot dust and over-hot blood. How some people have hated it! How to some others it has been just pennies from Heaven!

"Playboys"

IF Mr. Arthur Sinclair, of *The Playboy of the Western World* fame, had ever visited the North-Western World, I cannot but think that he would have found himself in an atmosphere which might have appealed to his fine sense of humour; for, in spite of their somewhat uncomfortable ways, especially with the wounded, their cattle-rustling, bank-busting and horse-stealing, at heart the inhabitants are the most inveterate "playboys," and at times get up to all sorts of fun.

Here is a true story. There were two Chiefs, Málíks, Sheiks or suchlike, who had a long-standing blood feud. Their manor houses were only about 1000 yards apart. One of these warriors was the proud owner of a big brass gun which fired round stone balls with fair accuracy up to about 1200 yards. Sometimes, therefore, the other chap had rather a thin time. What he then did was this: he waited until the owner of the big gun had fired away all his ammunition, then asked for a truce and sold the deadly projectiles back to him at probably 5 rupees a round. Sometimes, of course, it ended in a bloody collision with knives and rifles; but usually, I believe, a satisfactory deal was struck, because, after all, it is always something to have 200 yards of range up your sleeve, and suitable round stones are not always easy to find.

Another intriguing incident concerned a tribe sentenced to pay a heavy fine for the customary battle, murder and sudden death. Their leading Cleric, a Múllah of great sanctity and ineffable charm, was deputed by the Head Wazir, or First Lord of the Treasury, to write to His Honour the Commissioner expressing the hope that, as he had always been so nice about subscriptions to any local funds, bazaars, polo tournaments, etc., they might expect a little donation towards this most unkind and unjust fine. The story went that His Honour, having a keen sense of humour, sent His Reverence five rupees and hoped that he would not spend it upon riotous living.

Cheltenham and Hurst

BOTH, unfortunately, as dead as herrings by the time this note sees the light. It only remains, therefore, to congratulate the owners and all others concerned, and hope that, in one case at any rate, the result will have a bearing upon the immediate future. It is now certain that Sir Alfred Butt will have to take a very short price about Petition in the Derby, even though the Henry VIII. Stakes was just no race, the still quite unfurnished Sayajirao being 10 lengths behind at the end of a slow 7 furlongs. I am sure that everyone was glad to see Lord Grimthorpe win the Gold Cup with his recent purchase, Fortina, for the former Joint-Master of the Middleton does not do it out of his turn. A special word of congratulation to Mr. R. Black, for he had to run four miles on his nimble feet to get to the meeting in time for the first race.



Glynis Johns, the film actress, Mr. Eric Hiscock and his authoress wife, Romilly Cavan, were among those at the party



Mr. John Hannay, Bill O'Brien, of London Film Productions, Miss Pamela Lloyd, and Dave Golding, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Mr. Jack Gregg, Miss Pamela Lloyd and a prospective film star, Beatrice Campbell



Mr. and Mrs. Derek Tangye, who gave an evening "bring your own bottle" party at their Mortlake cottage to watch the finish of the Boat Race

Boat Race Bottle Party

Scoreboard



FEELING, like Mr. Henry Wallace, a little progressive, I decided to open my old cricket bag, by name Jackson, who has been resting alongside other silent and dignified patrons of the attic. I still play sometimes, as Beethoven remarked to the Elector of Hanover. It is the same

cricket bag that Jack White took to Australia on Percy Chapman's trip in 1928, the last time that we won (or lost) a Test series against Australia without any gosh-awful fuss.

The bag has a gay stomacher of the M.C.C. Touring colours. Once, a fellow-traveller, catching sight of the bag in the rack of a railway compartment, leant forward and whispered, "A member of the brotherhood, I see," and made peculiar signs, till he saw me eyeing the communication cord and desisted. Others, seeing the bag in the pavilion, imagine that I played for England. I let them go on imagining, till action belies probability.

THE opening of Jackson gives me annually the sort of sensation that knocks mere blunderers like Cortez only once in a lifetime. This spring, the haul was a little disappointing.

There was somebody else's Road Map of Devon and Cornwall containing a piece of green paper which said, "first on the left after Stoke Newington"; a plan of a bowler's field marked "Third change, if needed," with four deep-fielders and no slips, and, on the back, "Write to Mrs. Johnson"; two left-handed batting gloves; but no trousers at all. I must start a Sansculotte Cricket Club. In the pockets of the bag, where, in my time, I have come on a briefly mourned pair of braces, an unopened request to dine on the following day, and, once, a hard-boiled egg, I found nothing but my Third Eleven cricket cap from school.

NOTHING? Ah, but the romance that I found with it. There's no place like an attic for indulging the sweet extravagance of memory. I was batting once more in a House Match; I had reached 49, and was given Not Out for l.b.w. by the umpire, who sat next to me in Fifth Form A and had his Latin Verses done by me in exchange for certain advice during the mathematical hour; and soon I was 50—play up, play up, and play the game.

John Beck was bowling slow left-arm hoverers; soon to desert cricket for fame as golfer and, later, as founder of the London Branch of the We Feel Faint Club. And now I was on my way to the century when, clang, the door of the attic closed, and Junior's mocking laugh receded. No murderer has yet used a cricket bag for the body of the deceased.

WHILE, with one foot on the mantelpiece and the other in the lap of a sleeping fellow-member, you are failing to read this scholarly and helpful column, I shall hope to be playing family golf in Scotland on a course which, as is apt to be the case with the beautiful, is also very difficult—for those who bother to count their strokes and try to hole the two-yard putts. Mistaken policies, both.

As to the rough, it is very picturesque, and useful as a demarcation of the fairway; but it's no place for worrying away at a ball. We use it but little. Along the woods by the sixth, the curlews will be calling. In the field to the left of the short fifteenth, the goats will be waiting to take a light lunch off the well-hooked tee-shot. In the professional's shop, at evening, Mr. Miller may be persuaded into narrative.

THE one I like best is about Andra Kirkaldy and Ben Sayers. They were paired together in a stroke competition. Near its end, it was plain that only Andra, of this pair, was still in the hunt. Both drove into the same bunker. Andra's ball lay in a heel-mark, Ben's well. Andra was about to strike when Ben shouted at him, "Play the ither ain, Andra; what would ye want with yon bluidy ba'?"

RC. Robertson-Jackson

BRIGHTON GOLFERS HAVE EXPERIENCED AS BAD A TIME AS MOST DURING THESE ARCTIC MONTHS.

AFTER HAVING BEEN DUG OUT BY BULLDOZERS, AND THE BOROUGH SURVEYOR, THE MEMBERS OF EAST BRIGHTON GOLF CLUB HELD THEIR ANNUAL DINNER AT THE GRAND HOTEL, BRIGHTON, RECENTLY.



THE CAPTAIN, D.J. HOWE, PRESIDED OVER A LARGE GATHERING.



COL. H.F. BYRNE, THE SECRETARY



P.K. GRAVES. YOU CAN TELL HE'S A MEMBER BY THE SIZE OF HIS CIGAR.



J. HOWGATE [Committee] ENJOYING A JOKE.



MAJOR F.W. CARLOS CAMPBELL [An ex-Captain] D.S.O., M.C. PROPOSED "THE VISITORS"



THE MAYOR OF BRIGHTON, ALDERMAN TOM MORRIS, J.P. who spoke first.



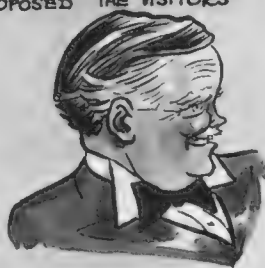
CRANFIELD, A.L. and [One of their "SINE" turns]



L.E.



ENRaptured BY THE SINGING, E.G.V.H. HOLDEN A PAST CAPTAIN WHO HAS DONE A LOT OF GOOD WORK FOR THE CLUB.



J.C. IONIDES, Captain of Brighton and Hove G.C. RESPONDED TO "THE VISITORS" with



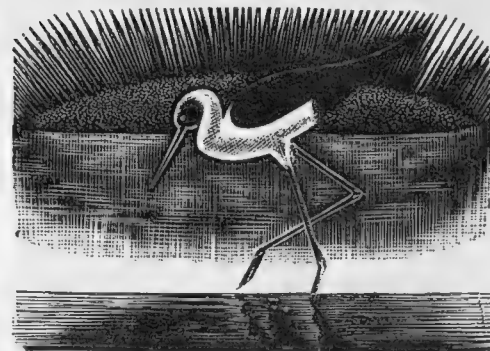
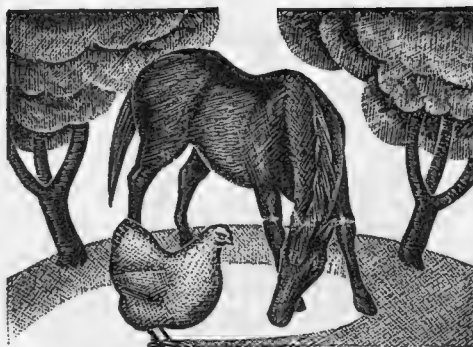
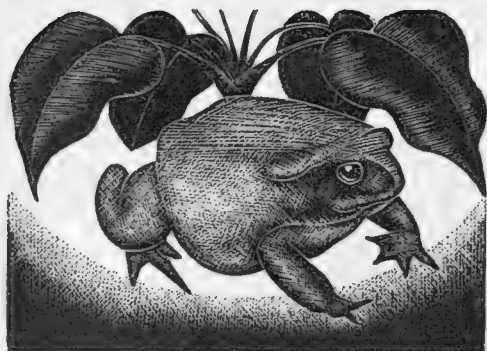
ONE OF THE NEWER MEMBERS WHO SIMPLY HAD TO BE DRAWN, A.S. VAUGHAN

[My apologies Mr Vaughan!]



THE EAST BRIGHTON GOLF COURSE IS THE IDEAL SPOT TO PLAY A "DINNER MATCH" ON THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE, YOU CAN FILL YOUR LUNGS WITH OZONE OR JUST JUMP INTO THE SEA.

MEL 47.



Wood engravings by Claire Oldham from Gilbert White's *The Natural History of Selborne*, edited by James Fisher (The Cresset Press ; 8s. 6d.)

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Traveller's Eye"

"The Angelic Avengers"

"The Dark Wood"

"The Horizontal Man"

"THE TRAVELLER'S EYE," by Dorothy Carrington (Pilot Press ; 18s.), appropriately greets our return to foreign travel—that most civilised, and civilising, of pleasures. This book is not so much an anthology as a review of the great expanse of English travel literature: the compiling of an anthology *pur et simple* had been, Miss Carrington tells us, her first idea; but, she found, the material overflowed. She has, therefore, while giving us liberal quotations, linked these up with expository passages of her own—which develop an underlying theme.

My reading [she says] yielded something more than a collection of agreeably copious descriptions. In the unsifted and largely forgotten mass of English travel literature I gradually became aware of a development, as definite as that of English poetry or of the English novel. The travellers of pre-Elizabethan England, men as opposite as the sensational romancer Mandeville and a devout pilgrim priest, shared a dreamlike conception of the world, a familiarity with monsters and miracles which belongs to their unscientific times. The Elizabethan travellers, the first great English explorers, have been made famous in the pages of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, where their magnificent sonorous prose reflects the exaltation that inspired even their most brutal and mercenary exploits. Less known are the travellers of the century that followed: the age of curiosity, when an elephant and an earthquake, a chicken incubator and a tattooed savage were objects equally marvellous. Many have been forgotten among those eager tourists who went abroad to study the mechanical singing birds and musical fountains of European palaces, the Venetian manner of handling a cloak or the French fashions in gardening. . . . No travel literature is more vivid than the exuberantly-worded journals of these men to whom so much in the world was new.

Enthusiastic astonishment waned with the century; the marvels dwindled; English taste became standardised. The eighteenth-century travellers—aristocratic visitors to Courts and capitals, connoisseurs of painting and the antique, slave traders, ambassadors and prosperous servants of the East India Company—were sophisticated, critical and self-assured. . . . They were the forerunners of the more rigid and censorious Victorians, to whom Europe was old and smelly, America crude and new, and the rest of the world inhabited by natives. But severity was counterpoised by romanticism. . . . The enchanting journals of sensitive and rebellious romantic travellers, among whom were poets and artists, have added permanent lustre to the ruins and torrents, chasms and deserts, of Europe and the Near East. Every subsequent visitor has seen partly through their eyes.

And yet another, a new type of English traveller, is, Miss Carrington tells us, to-day arising—the investigator of social conditions. "Modern travellers," she says, "ignore the personal and romantic concepts of the last two centuries and attempt to interpret the world in terms of social and economic conditions.

Statistics have taken the place of impressions." Oh dear; is this so really? If so, I must have been fortunate in my fellow-travellers; for not a single one of these new-type worthies has been, so far, encountered abroad by me.

I doubt, myself, whether search for the past, the pursuit of the fairy tale, and love of the foreign illusion for its own sake will not, always, determine most people's taste in travel. We islanders may, perhaps, continue to be of either the Horace Walpole type or the Shelley—some seeking manners and *monumenti*, others scenery. The latter group are the luckier, as things are now—for, uninjured by the devastations of war, cataracts still thunder and peaks tower; while of the man-made beauties of civilisation much is forever lost to us, laid low. Unrepentant traveller for pleasure, I for my part declare that "the Venetian manner of handling a cloak" appeals to me more than a tour of the most modern factory; that statistics enter one of my ears to pass quickly out of the

other, and that it is impressions, purely, I carry home.

Two continuous stories, Miss Carrington says, have emerged from her reading of English traveller literature—how the English looked on the world, and how they acted in it. It is along these parallel themes that, accordingly, she has strung her quotations—and how diverse and fascinating the quotations are! *The Traveller's Eye* is divided into two parts: "Travelling to the East" (under which comes Paris and France, Venice and Italy, Constantinople and Turkey, Asia, China) and "Travelling to the West" (West Africa and the West Indies, America and the Pacific). In each section, excerpts from the travellers' memoirs, journals or letters are placed in order of time. The character of each writer emerges plainly; and, rightly, gives colour to what he or she sees—some are bedazzled, some puzzled, some disapproving.

In France—to give an example—we have, successively, Thomas Coryate, of Somerset (1577-1617), who was seasick crossing the Channel, praised the size and Renaissance grandeur of Paris, deplored the raggle-taggle state of provincial France, but enjoyed the fare at several excellent inns; John Evelyn (1620-1706), who took abroad his passion for garden-planning; Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhill (1646-1722), who, as a militant Protestant, deplored Catholic France as "a land of graven images," and supplies a vigorous note on mountebanks; Horace Walpole (1717-97), who relished Paris society and describes the Queen; Philip Thicknesse (1719-92), a cantankerous cultured gentleman, who devoted much of his interest to inadequate burial customs and executions; Tobias Smollett, novelist (1721-71), who travelled for health, in mourning, and found France gimcrack; Benjamin Haydon, genial but un-notable painter (1786-1841), who made a dash for Paris the instant the Napoleonic Wars were over, and was surprised to find the English still far from popular; George Moore (1852-1933), as pro-Gallic an Irishman as they come, and Cecily Mackworth, who describes the tragic Paris street scenes of 1940.

In all sections, the range of time and of personalities is wide. Turkey and China lend themselves to Miss Carrington's method particularly well; and tie (in my opinion) with the West Indies in providing the most enjoyable portions of the book. "America," she engagingly says, "was a terrible disappointment. . . ." Explorers, scholars, conquistadors, missionaries, merchants, invalides, aesthetes, ambassadors, Empire-builders, Jacobite refugees and aristocrats on the grand tour all have their say in *The Traveller's Eye*; and we meet, in addition to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, two less famous but as observant ladies—Anne Miller, who had such a fine time in Italy, and Janet Schaw, lucky enough to visit at their glamorous heyday the West Indies. . . . Miss



Lady in Riding Habit, by Gavarni, a fashion of 1830, from Sacheverell Sitwell's *The Hunters and the Hunted* (Macmillan ; 15s.). No one can weave a more brilliant literary tapestry than Mr. Sitwell, and this discussion on the arts of peace through the ages is rich with that profound scholarship and imaginative sweep that have given him so distinctive a position among contemporary authors

Carrington is to be congratulated on the illustrations—presumably of her finding and choice? These are many, widely various and amusing. *The Traveller's Eye*, as a whole, is a book to possess—and keep!

BOWEN ON BOOKS

A CERTAIN mystery, I feel, surrounds the authorship of *The Angelic Avengers* (Putnam; 10s. 6d.). Nominally, this enchanting modern-Gothic tale is by one Pierre Andrézel, a Rouen-born young Frenchman whose photograph appears on the inside of the wrapper. *The Angelic Avengers* was published in Copenhagen in 1944, and M. Andrézel has not been heard of since. Wherever he may be, let us wish him well—yet I very much do doubt that he wrote this book, which would seem to betray, on its every page, an already accomplished feminine hand. I do, also, find interest in the “canary bird” motif in the story—for were not the Danes, under German occupation, referred to by the British Prime Minister as “the Gangster’s canary birds”?

The charming young pair of heroines of this novel become for some time the “canary birds,” pretty home-brighteners and adopted daughters of an unholy couple—the clergyman, Mr. Penhallow, and his wife. In principle, the remove from poverty and anxiety in England to the Penhallow’s French farmhouse home—lyrically peaceful in outward aspect, if at moments indefinitely sinister—should have been the solution, for Lucan and Zosine, of difficulties.

The year is 1840; the girls are both eighteen. Lovely Lucan, left penniless by her scientist father, has been a governess, but has had to fly from the undesired advances of her employer—an early-Victorian widower whose respectability proves to be no more than skin-deep. Lucan has sought refuge with her as lovely school friend, Zosine, only child and heiress of a West Indian merchant—sought refuge, but only to be present when Zosine’s palatial home comes crashing about her head. Having renewed a troth of eternal friendship, the young girls set out to face the world together—Zosine, of the cropped curls, bold and imperious, bringing to altered fortunes the mentality of a young princess; Lucan, of the long gold ringlets, already inured to hardship, wary and wise.

Vowed to inseparability, the two pretend to be sisters. As such, they immediately catch the fancy of the grey, high-minded Penhallows, who are seeking for “daughters” to adopt. The journey with their new protectors to France is undertaken by our unsuspecting pair in the gayest of bonnets and the highest of spirits—only after months at Sainte-Barbe does it appear to the girls that they have had predecessors, and that those others came, here, in France, to a namelessly dreadful end.

From this point on, tension heightens. But *The Angelic Avengers* is far from being a thriller—call it, rather, a lyrical melodrama. There is immense charm in this novel’s naive, easy, spirited style, in its mixture of ballroom bouquets and midnight grave-diggings, of lovers’ vows and blood-curdling imprecations. The resistance of the young girls to their captors is beautifully done. Is this an allegory? Yes, if you like—but no, equally, if you would rather not: just fantastic enough, the story abounds in scenes which have an actuality of their own. To the jaded or blasé novel-reader, *The Angelic Avengers* offers something completely fresh.

“THE DARK WOOD” (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is by Christine Weston—whose first book, *Indigo*, attracted wide attention both in America

and here. *Indigo* was, in fact, in some quarters hailed as one of the best novels ever written about India: the country in which the author was born and spent her youth. That first book of Miss Weston’s not only had a convincing strangeness, but was full of atmosphere she must have absorbed unconsciously: in consequence, it was an experience for the reader, who seemed to be living through every scene described.

Of *The Dark Wood* the same cannot be said—this is a distinguished novel, contemporary in its subject, but one never forgets that it is a novel. Clever, just and sane as she shows herself in her treatment of a post-war problem, Miss Weston loses something, I think, by not writing out of that well of unconscious memory. The scene, in this case, is New York; with one or two chapters in Italy—where the heroine’s husband has been killed fighting before the story begins. Stella, the young widow, continues to lead a life of fantasy: she refuses to believe that Alec is dead, and flees from every effort, on the part of her friends, to make her face up to reality.

When Mark Bycroft, back from the war, meets Stella, he too is a casualty, though of a different kind. He finds himself back again in a New York that for him means nothing but vacuum, disappointment and pain. His almost incredibly odious wife, Regan, greets him with a request for a divorce—during his absence, she tells him, another love has taught her what life could be. “Surely,” she says—

“—surely you didn’t expect to come home and find everything exactly what it was when you went away?”

“Not exactly, no.”

“Well, then?”

He said irrelevantly: “I was so sick of ruins, of ruined houses, ruined people. I had a craving for something . . . for wholeness, I suppose.”

“I don’t think I know what you mean.”

“No, I don’t think you do.”

Mark, left alone in the apartment with his little son Neddy (whom, Regan informs him, she intends to keep) and the wise, dry old coloured servant Octavia, leads a hallucinatory existence: great, prosperous, shining, intact New York is a mockery—he is a war-ruin. Far from easily, he and the lonely Stella are to work out each other’s salvation. I think

The Dark Wood is, to an extent, weakened by the exaggeration of both Stella’s and Regan’s characters. It remains very readable, worthy of all respect—but I am glad to learn that Miss Weston is going back to India.

“THE HORIZONTAL MAN,” by Helen Eustis (Hamish Hamilton; 8s.), takes as its point of departure a murder in an American women’s college, but is too bizarre, and too complicated in its psychology, to be written off simply as a detective story. This is a sophisticated, engaging book, which contains some first-rate comedy portraits—most notably, that of Mrs. Kramm, “successful example of a woman of the Freudian era.” You should also enjoy meeting fat, highbrow Kate, and Honey, the blah southern beauty. The campus, “Coffee Shoppe,” and other purloins of the college, with its slouching young ladies and keyed-up faculty types, are well drawn: on the darker side, there seems little Miss Eustis does not know about every kind of neurosis, also split personality. This is her first book: she is a writer to watch.



Countess Fitzwilliam and Lady Binney, wife of Admiral Sir Hugh Binney, K.C.B., at the Bon Viveur



At a table for three at the Bon Viveur were Mr. Kenneth Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel



At the Bagatelle: Mr. Jeremy Cubitt, younger son of the Hon. Roland Cubitt and grandson of Lord Ashcombe, with Miss Patricia Brand



Mrs. L. P. Williams, Mrs. David Ravensley, Mr. David Ravensley, the well-known film-set designer, and Mr. L. P. Williams, were a quartet dining at the Bagatelle

DINING OUT

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Burkitt — Garland

Major William Gale Burkitt, R.A.S.C., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Burkitt, of Grange Hill, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham, married Miss Gillian Patricia Garland, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney T. Garland, of Barrie House, Lancaster Gate, London, at the Savoy Chapel



Croft Baker — Denby

Mr. Roland Croft Baker, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Croft Baker, of Crossways, Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, married Miss Pamela Denby, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Denby, of the Cottage, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, at All Saints, Sherburn-in-Elmet



Best — Gardner

The Hon. Patrick Best, younger son of the late Lord Wynford, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Samuel Best, married Miss Heather Elizabeth Gardner, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Gardner, of 15, Queen's Gate Gardens, London, S.W.7, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Donner — Forster

Mr. Patrick Donner, M.P. for Basingstoke, of Hurstbourne Park, Whitechurch, Hampshire, son of Mr. Ossian Donner, and the late Mrs. Donner, married Miss Pamela Louise Forster, youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral H. A. Forster, and Mrs. Forster, of Spring Hill, St. Mary Bourne, Andover



Gillingham — Hood

The Rev. Peter Gillingham, elder son of Canon F. H. Gillingham and Mrs. Gillingham, married Miss Diana Hood, elder daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alexander Hood, Chief of the Army Medical Services, at St. Michael's, Chester Square. The bridegroom's father officiated



Rawlings — Conran

Major A. Rawlings, The Buffs, only son of Rear-Admiral Clive Rawlings and Mrs. Rawlings, of Gloyns House, Yealampton, Devon, married Miss Daphne Conran, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Conran, of Blackwell Park, Loddiswell, Devon, in Devonshire

Henley — Windisch-Graetz

Major R. A. Henley, M.B.E., The Rifle Brigade, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Henley, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, married Princess Leontine Windisch-Graetz, second daughter of Prince Edward Windisch-Graetz, in Trieste



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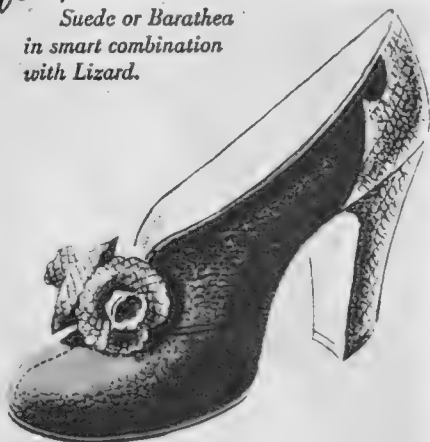
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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



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Miss Ann Pawson, ^{Lenare} only daughter of the late Mr. Hargrave Pawson, of Shawdon, Northumberland, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Timothy Stobart, Scots Guards, only son of the late Captain Ralph Stobart and of Mrs. Jack Smith of Chatley Wood, Ringwood, Hampshire



Miss Rosemary Turnor, ^{Harlip} whose engagement is announced to Mr. Alastair McCorquodale, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McCorquodale of Hatfield Place, Hatfield Peveril, Essex. Miss Turnor is the daughter of Major and Lady Enid Turnor of Little Ponton Hall, Grantham



Miss Rita Gray Ropner, ^{Horsley} only daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Ropner of Firby Hall, Bedales, Yorkshire, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Alan M. Hodson, eldest son of the Rev. Harold V. Hodson, M.C., and Mrs. Hodson of Bedales Rectory, Yorkshire



Miss Henriette (Hetty) L. S. Van der Wijk, ^{Navana} younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. van der Wijk of Oakdene, 4 West Park Road, Blackburn, Lancashire, who is to marry Captain Cecil E. Mence, youngest son of Captain and Mrs. G. Mence of Bolton House, Dyke Road Avenue, Hove, Sussex



Miss Elizabeth Helen Mills and **Lieut. Richard Lovell-Hewitt**, ^{Pearl Freeman} R.N., whose engagement was announced last month. Miss Mills is the only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal R. P. Mills, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C., and of Mrs. Claude Lonsdale. Lieut. Lovell-Hewitt is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lovell-Hewitt of Hill Grange, Reigate

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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

HOPE for the future of the flying clubs and, indeed, of light aeroplane flying in general, was revived when the news came out of Lord Kemsley's gift of £100,000. Until this help was offered it is true to say that personal flying in Great Britain looked as if it was doomed to die.

And even now the greatest care will have to be exercised if the full benefit is to be derived from every penny of the money. Money spent on aviation, like money spent on women and horses, has a way of slipping away much too quickly.

As I write I have not the details of any provisions made by Lord Kemsley for ensuring that a watch is kept on expenditure; but I believe that the Royal Aero Club is to have the chief responsibility. I hope that the club will remember that some of the most flourishing businesses have been built up from small and shabby offices, by modest executive staffs. Let us see that the gift money goes out on to the aerodromes and into the aeroplanes.

Justified Jargon

In a recent Notice to Airmen referring to Hendon, I came across a more than ordinarily frightening piece of jargon, the phrase "over-riding weather minima." But I have seen the even worse phrase "the over-riding weather minima in force."

I do not often like to forgive such horrors, but in this instance it is difficult to find a straightforward alternative. The reference is to the worst weather in which flying may be undertaken and the information is conveyed in height of cloud base and visibility distance.

Is there any term in ordinary English which could be used instead of "weather minima" and which would be equally expressive, at least as accurate and no longer? Any suggestions will be thankfully received, though I do not promise to adopt them.



Air Lieut.-Col. Lai Ming-Tong and other officers with Mrs. S. L. Simpson at a luncheon held recently at the Simpson Services Club in honour of China and the Chinese Forces

Under-Wing Fuelling

It is strange how simple ideas seem sometimes to be arrived at by a complex route. Under-wing fuelling is now considered to be the right method and over-wing fuelling to be obsolescent. In fact all of the big new transport aircraft in the States are equipped for under-wing fuelling.

What happens is that the fuel hose is connected under the wing and instead of the fuel being allowed to flow down into the tank it is, in effect, pumped up into it. There are various ways of leading the fuel to the top, some having galleries from which the different tanks are fed, some having other arrangements.

Essentially time is gained by the under-wing method and it is claimed to be a safer method, though whether this has yet been established I do not know. Rates of flow of about two hundred gallons a minute are achieved.

Obviously from the ground crew's point of view the under-wing method is superior. They can get to the fuelling points without climbing up steps and over wings.

Continental Rallies

THE Continental air rally, which is one of the great joys of the personal flyer, is coming back. The Le Touquet and Deauville rallies are to be held this year in July, and are to be on the old scale.

That means that everybody who can go, will. They are always delightful occasions which seem to make both flying, and life, worth while. Their dates will clash with the Brussels Show and also with the Blackpool air meeting. But as the Blackpool meeting is to go on for about three weeks, that should not make much difference.

Ultra-Light Aircraft

SINCE I reported that the ultra-light aeroplane movement was getting under way, there have been further signs of activity. The Ultra-Light Aircraft Association held its first annual meeting and study is being devoted to the possible design features of aircraft to be used in this country.

But the engine problem remains. We have plenty of engines in the middling powers, but few if any in the really low powers, that is 50 h.p. and less. And the ultra-light aeroplane wants an engine of about 50 h.p. or less. The best plan for the time being might be to import engines from France. They have some excellent ultra-light engines.

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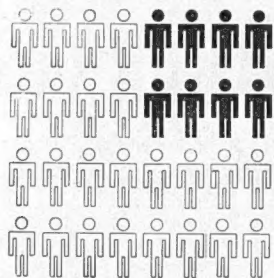
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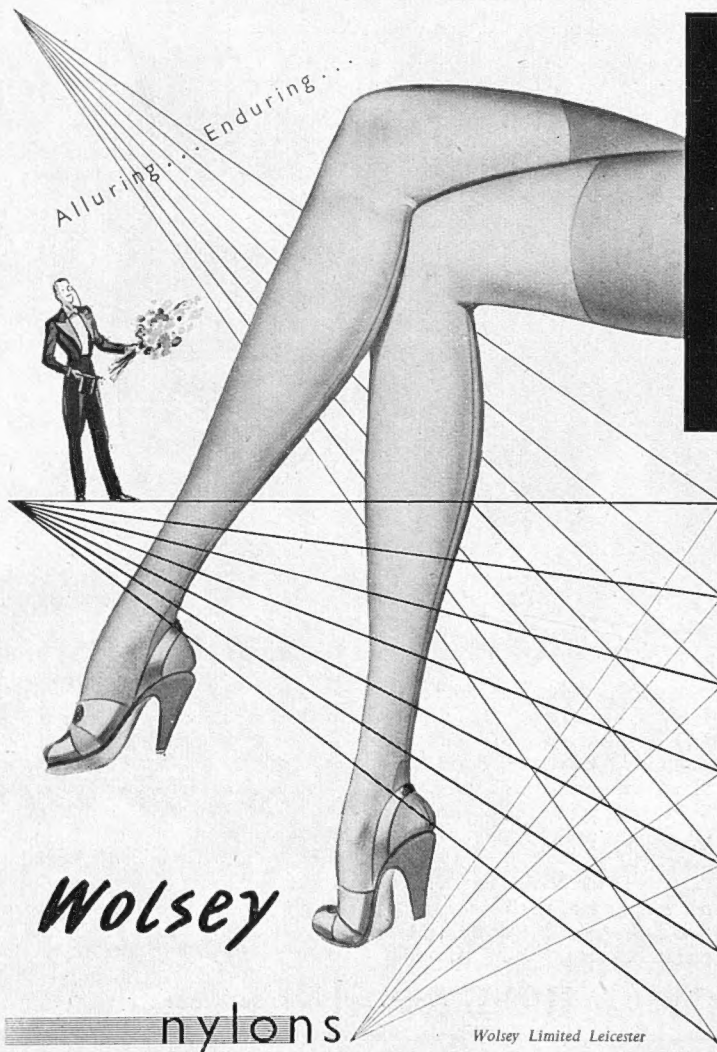
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PROMISE OF SPRING

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"Oh yes, Sir, and this morning the milkman left an extra half-pint."

"And tomorrow, who knows, a little pink pixie may leave a Canadian pullet's egg on our doorstep."

"Begging your pardon, Sir, but we had our egg yesterday."

"As I thought, it will be a utilitarian Spring, with visas for

cuckoos and permits for primroses."

"We must remember, Mr. Gerald, that Spring is the time of hope and promise—the occasion of awakening."

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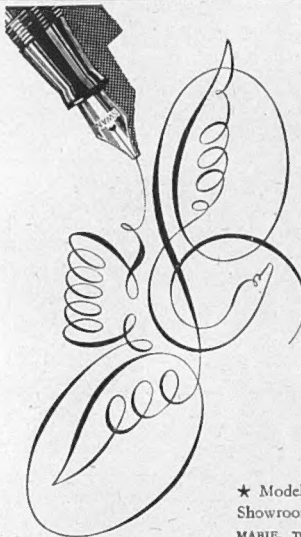
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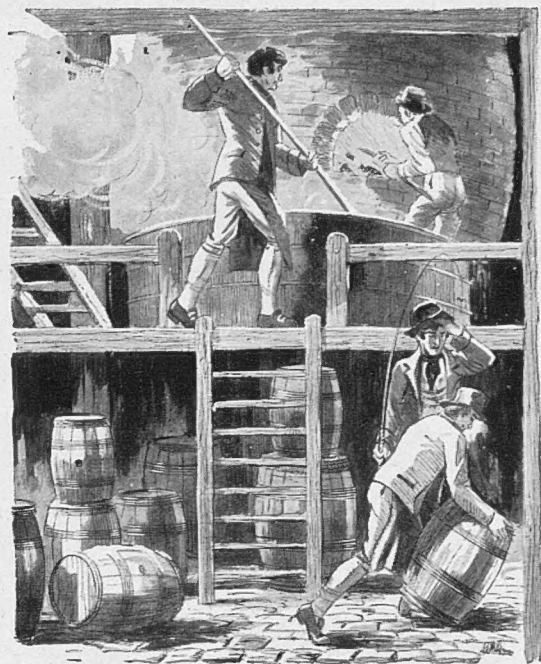


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